

ROCK AND ROLLO

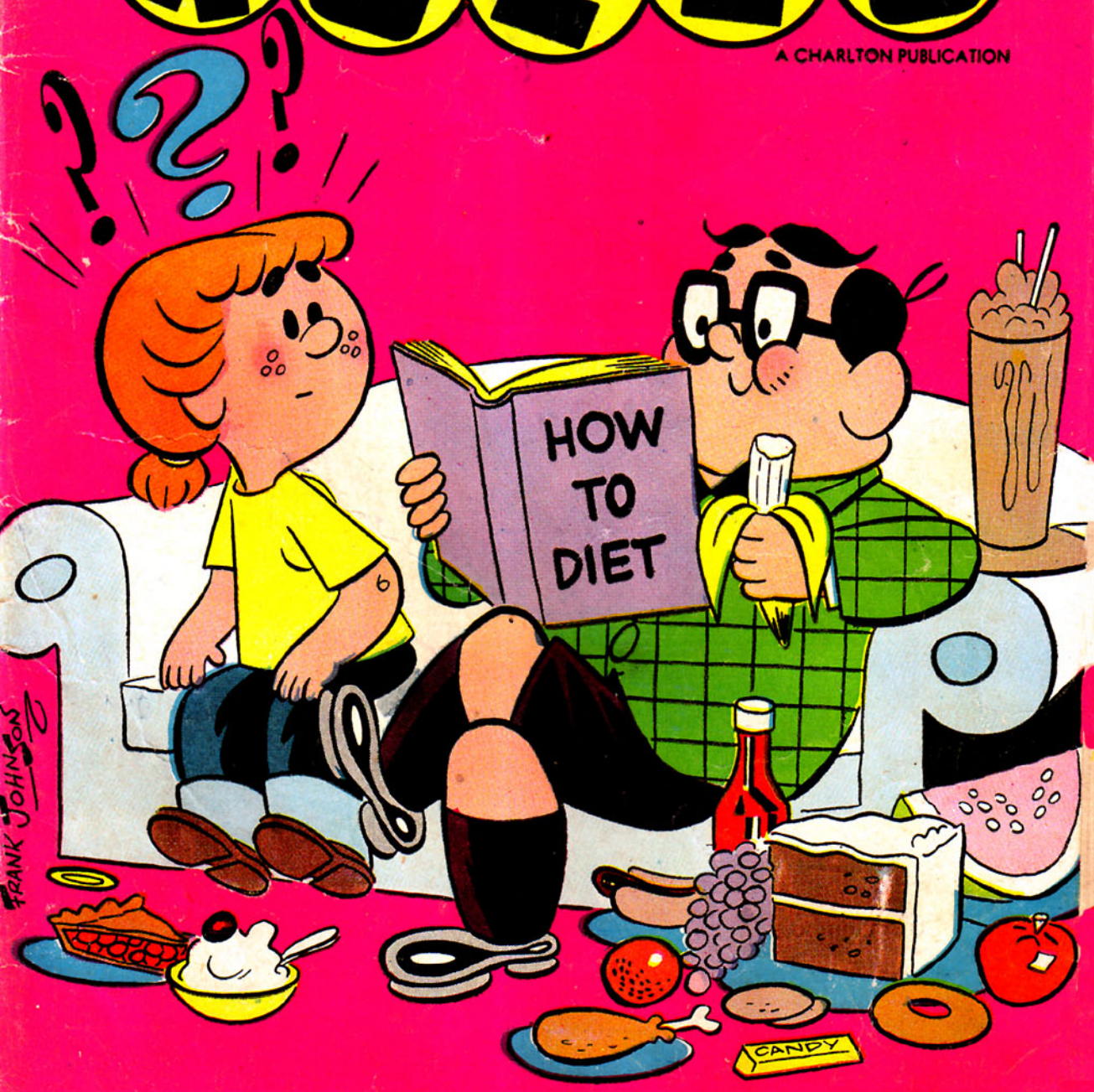


FEBRUARY

ROCK AND ROLLO

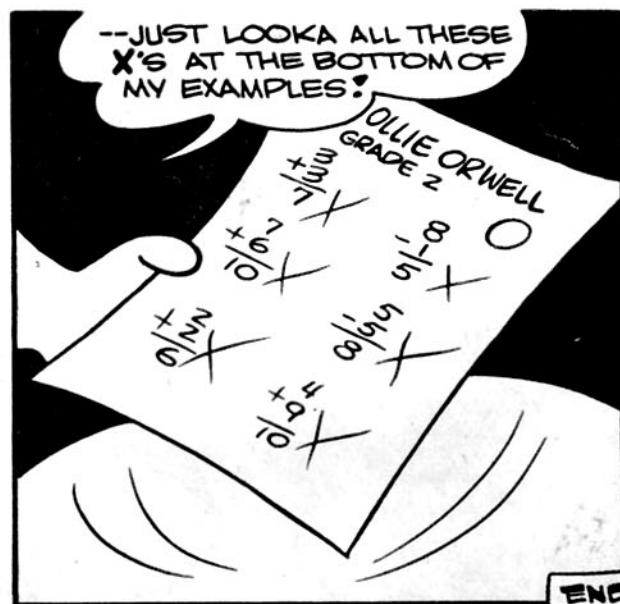
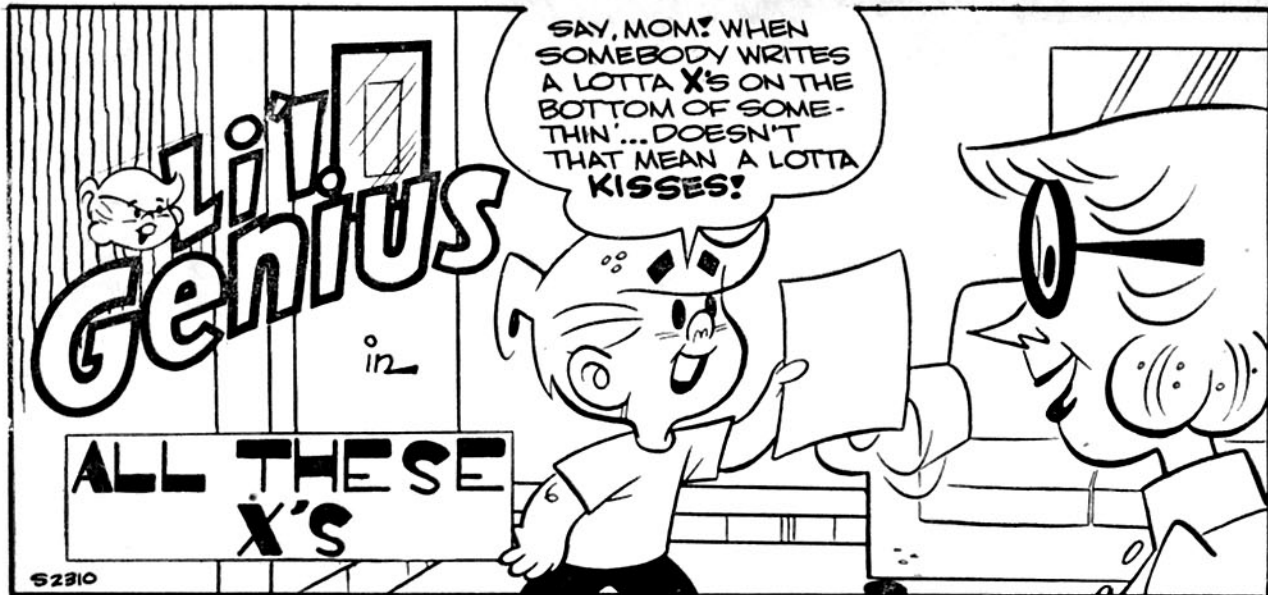
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ROCK & ROLLO



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Pat Masulli Executive Editor

ROCK AND ROLLO

Banana Bonzana

GORILLA

GOSH, MRS. MONEYBUCKS! AM I EVER GLAD YA TOOK ME TA THE ZOO...

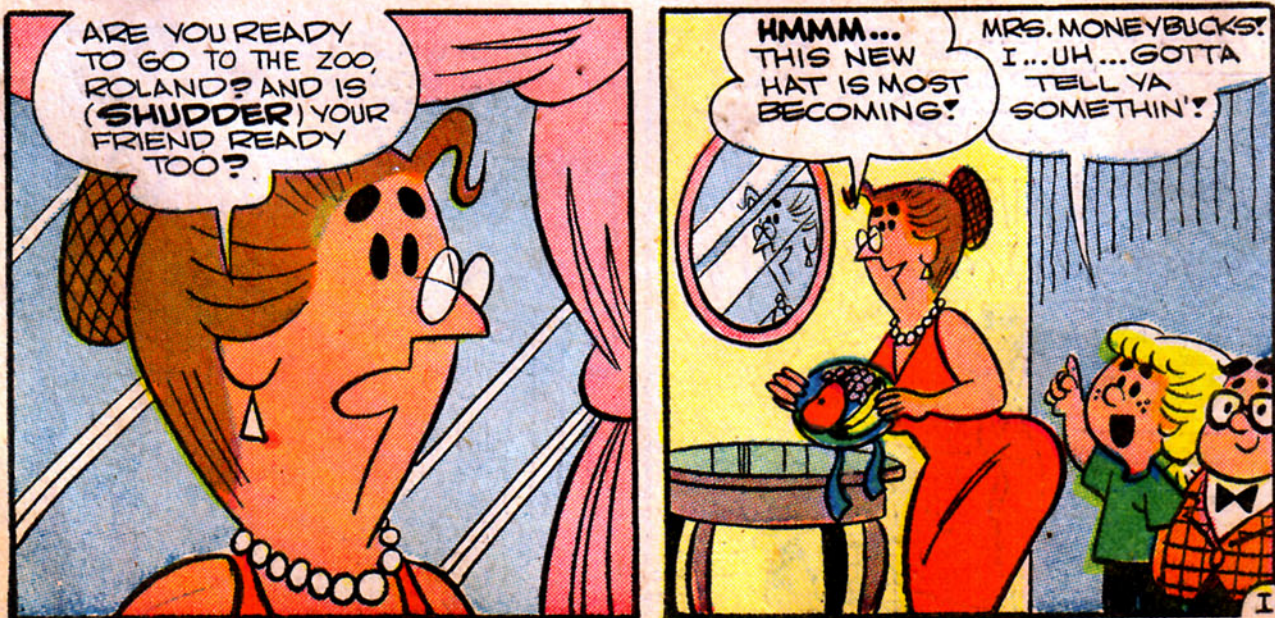
--THESE BANANAS ARE JUS' DEE-LICIOUS!



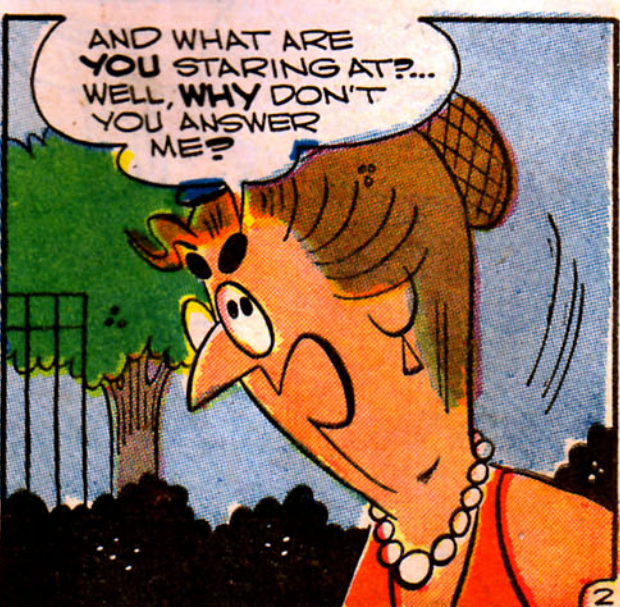
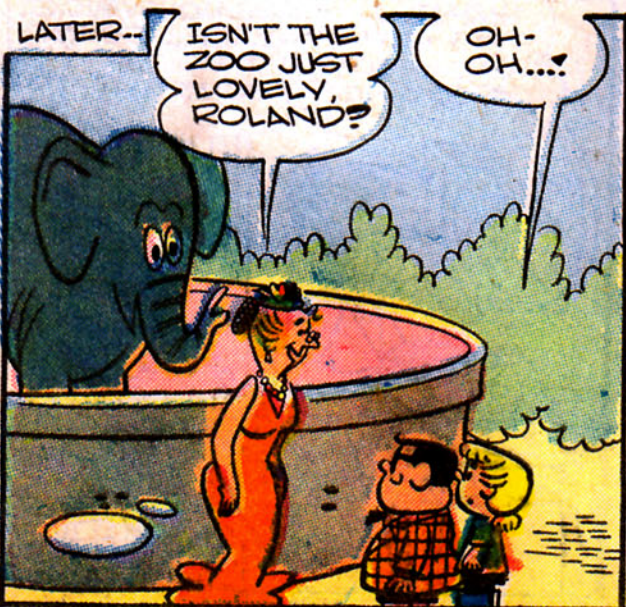
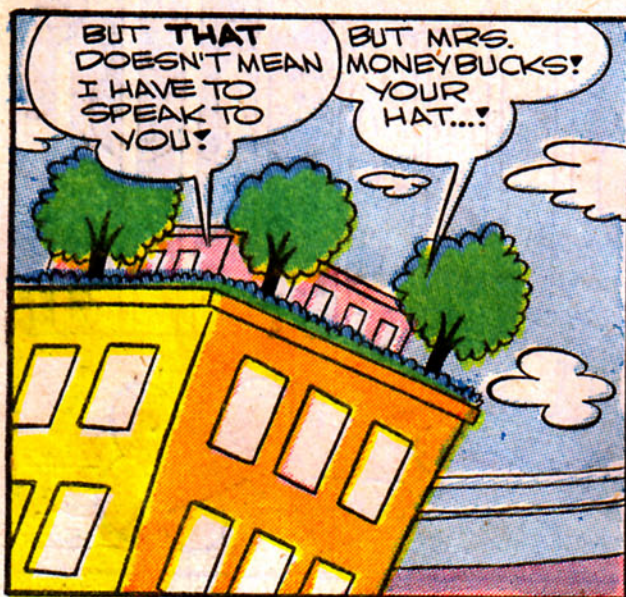
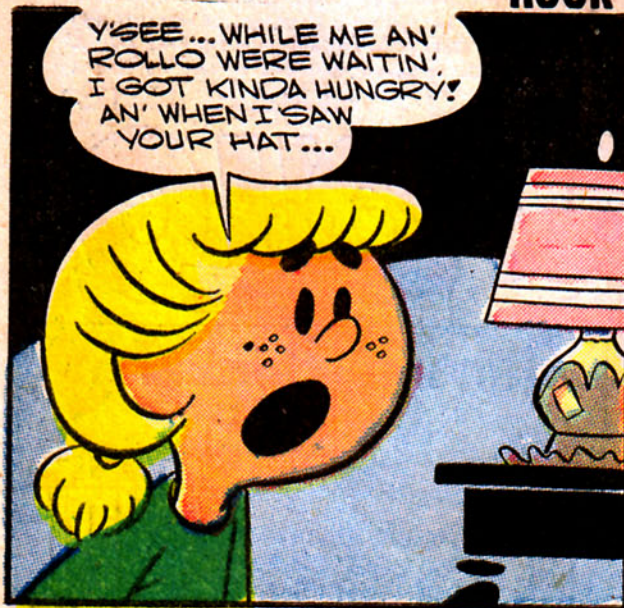
ARE YOU READY TO GO TO THE ZOO, ROLAND? AND IS (SHUDDER) YOUR FRIEND READY TOO?

HMMM... THIS NEW HAT IS MOST BECOMING!

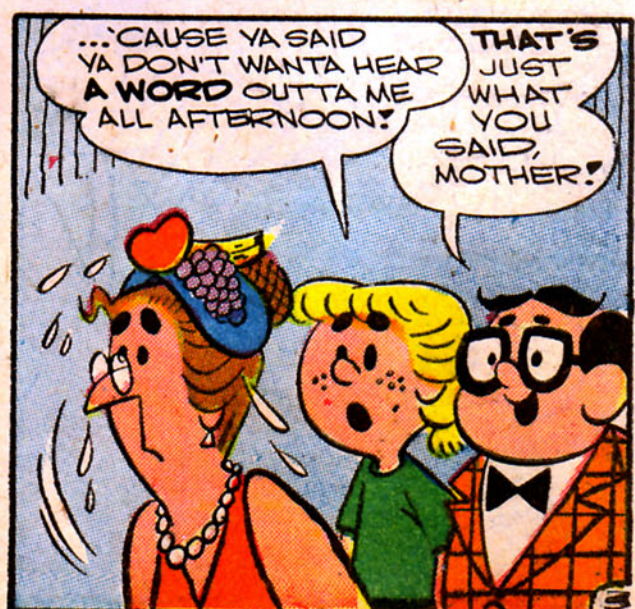
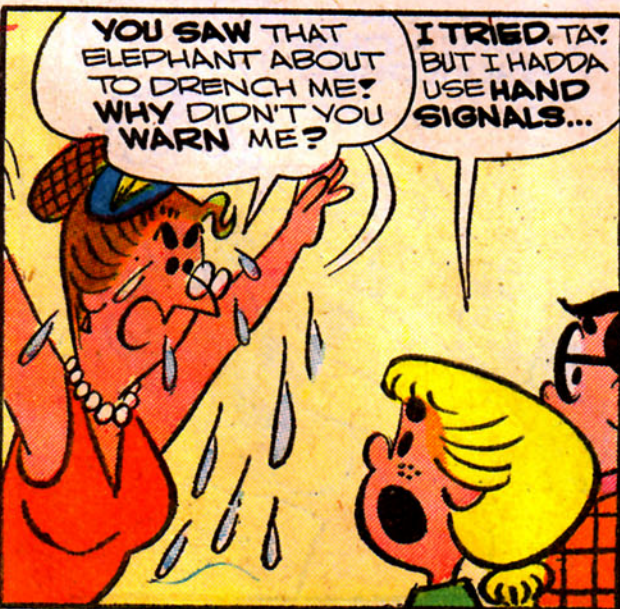
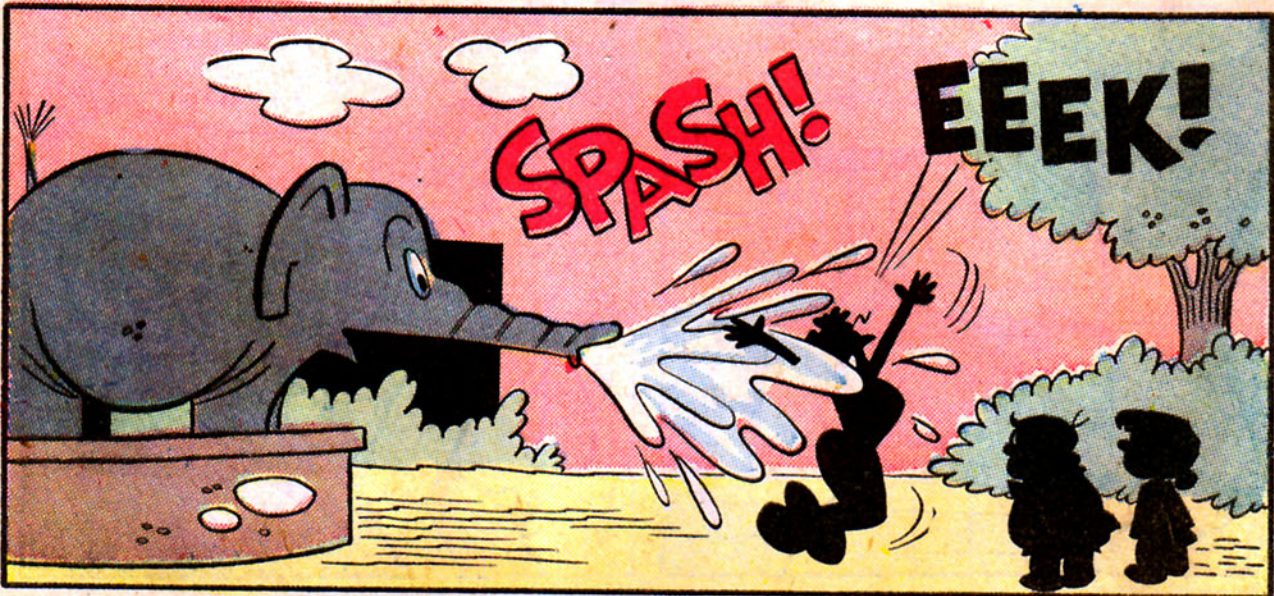
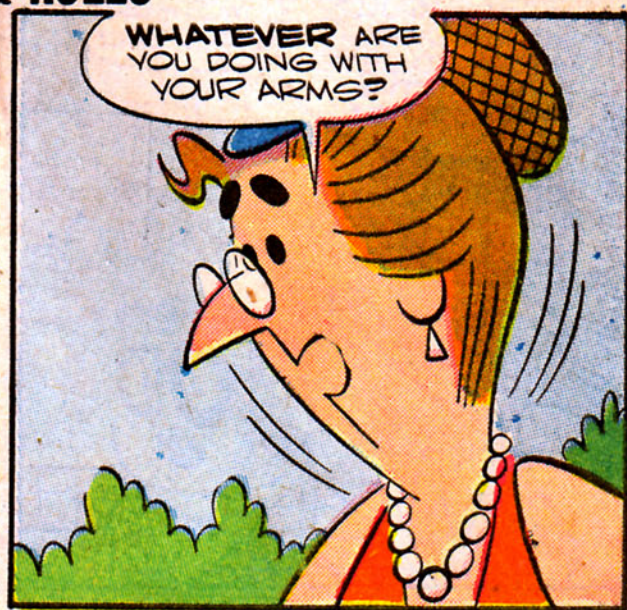
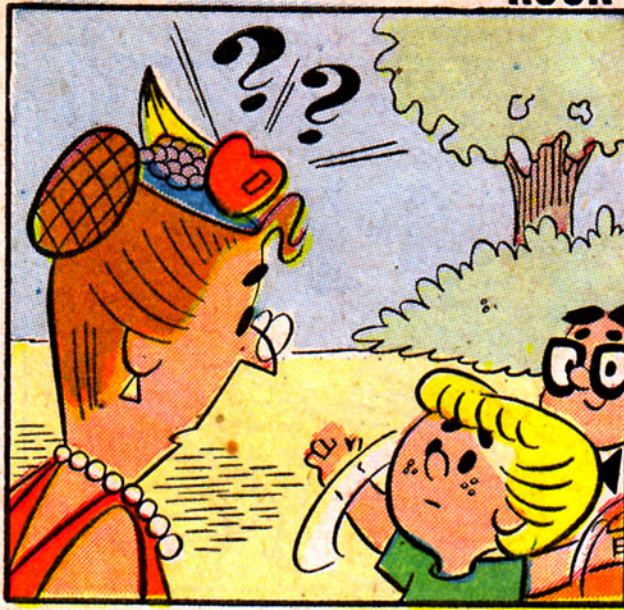
MRS. MONEYBUCKS! I...UH...GOTTA TELL YA SOMETHIN'!



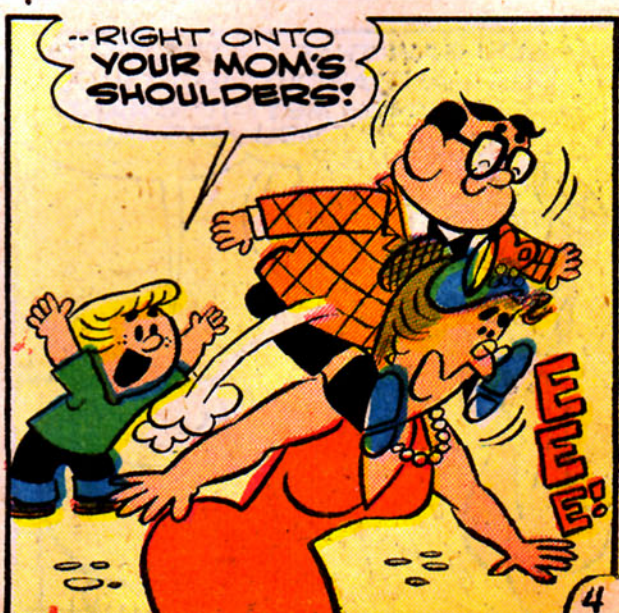
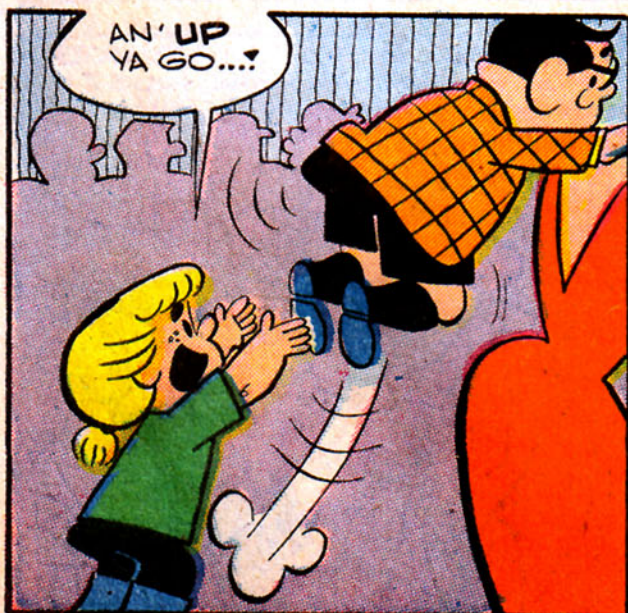
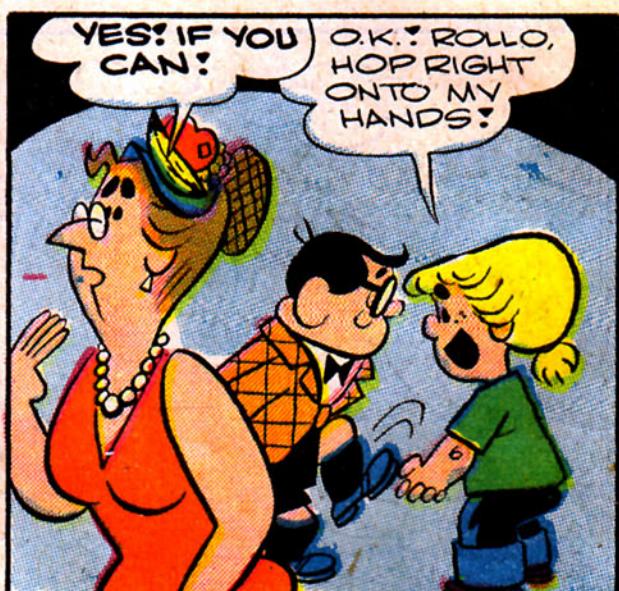
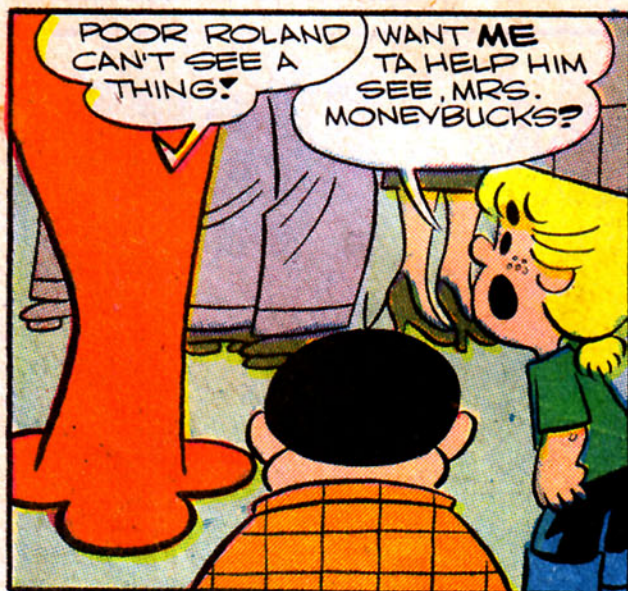
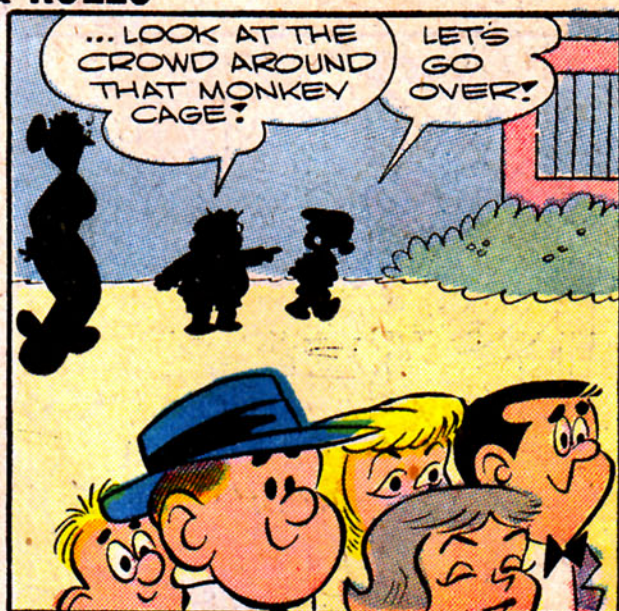
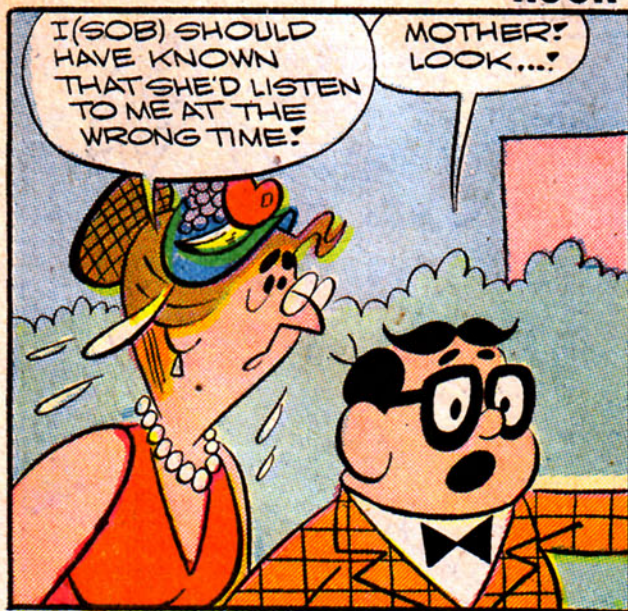
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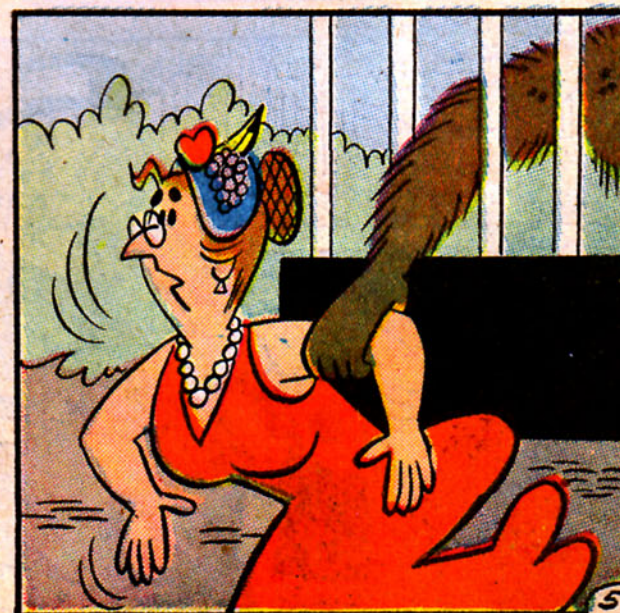
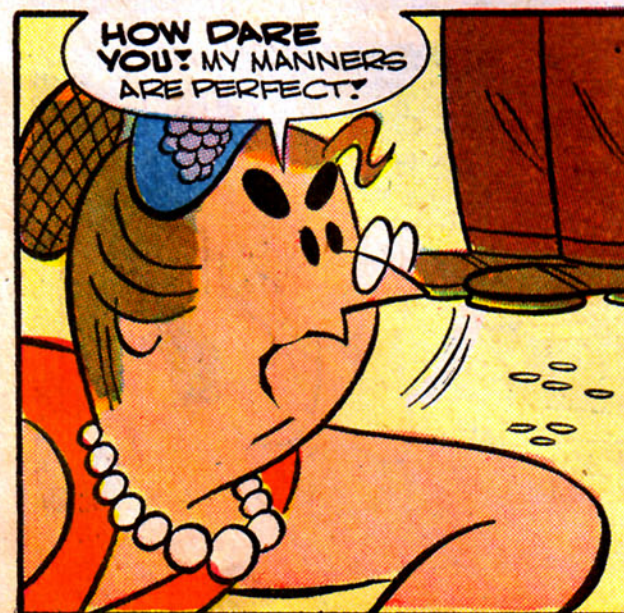
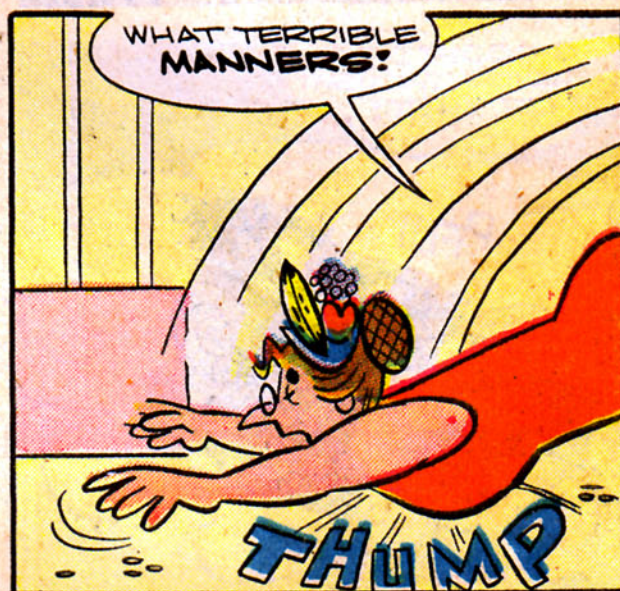
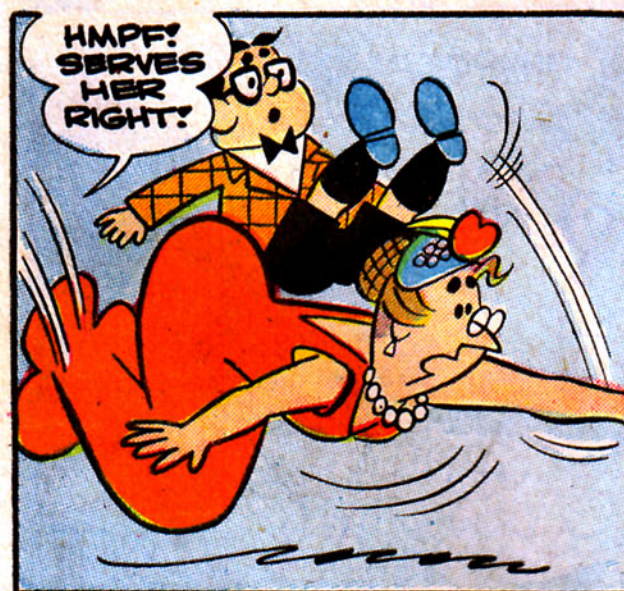
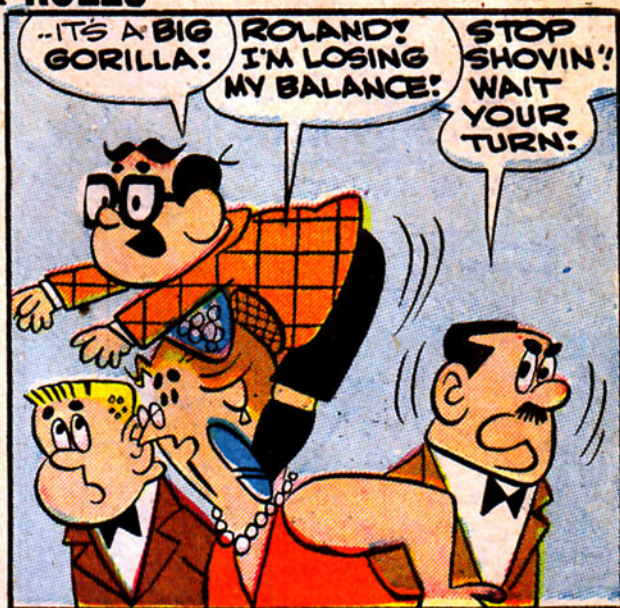
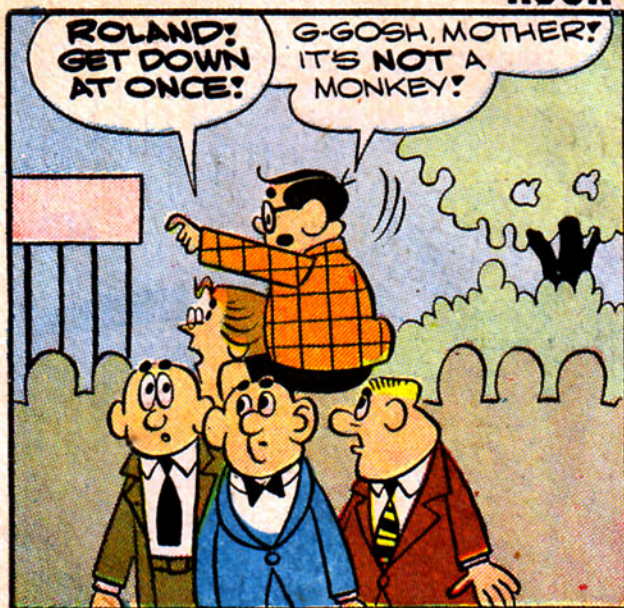
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DON'T MOVE, LADY! HE WON'T HURT YOU! IT'S JUST THAT HE THINKS THAT'S A **REAL BANANA** ON YOUR HAT!

WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN HE FINDS OUT IT **ISN'T** A REAL BANANA??

G-GOSH! I-I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

PFUI

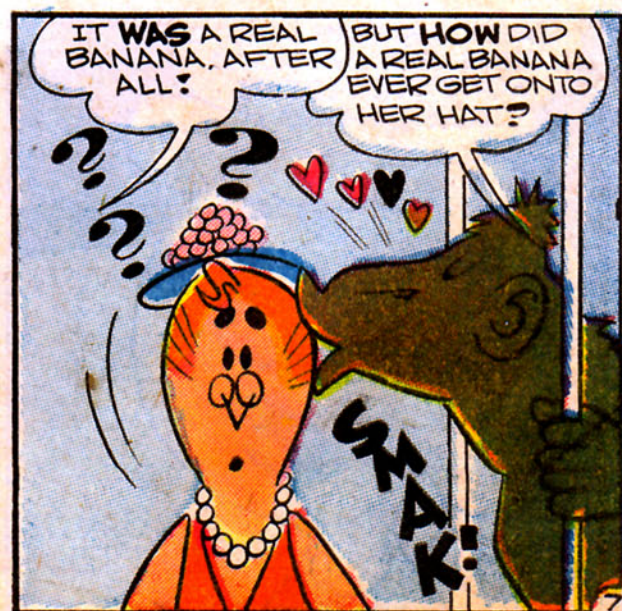
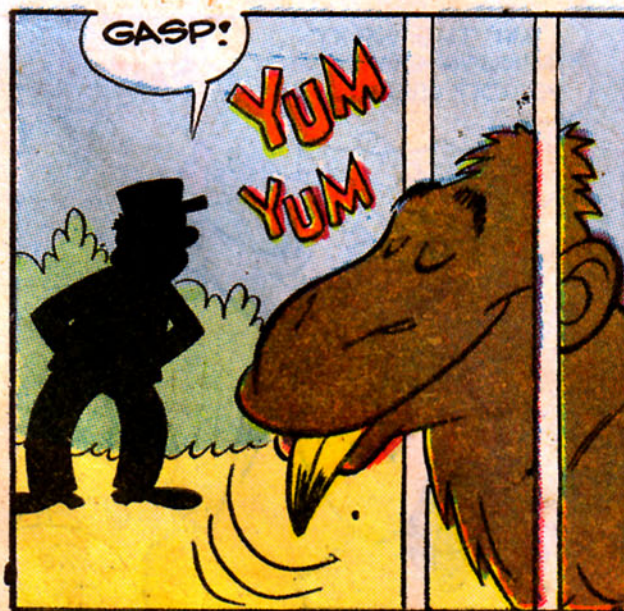
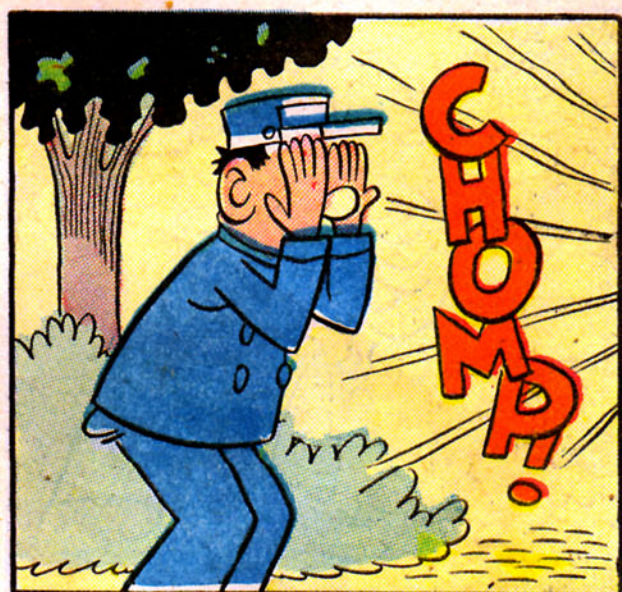
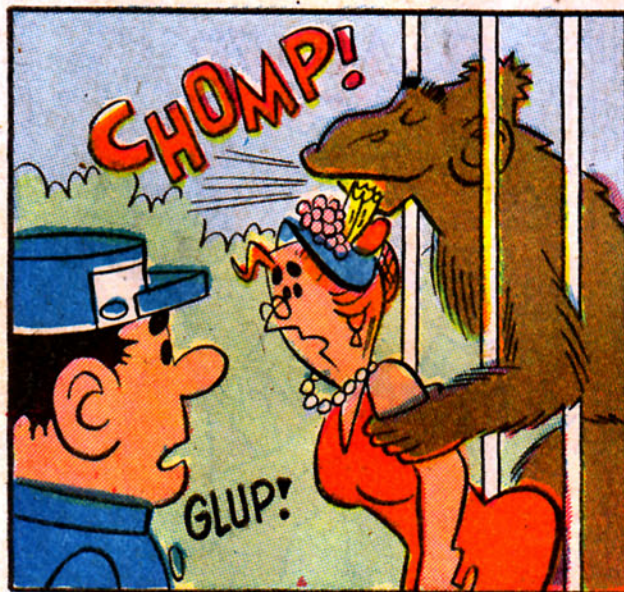
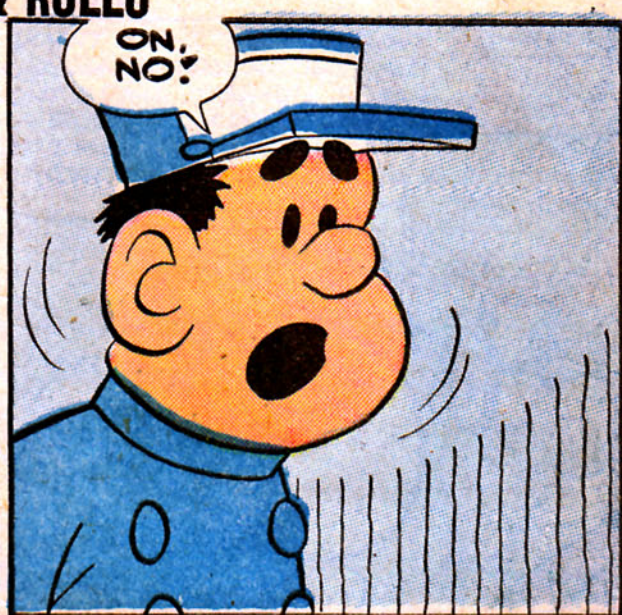
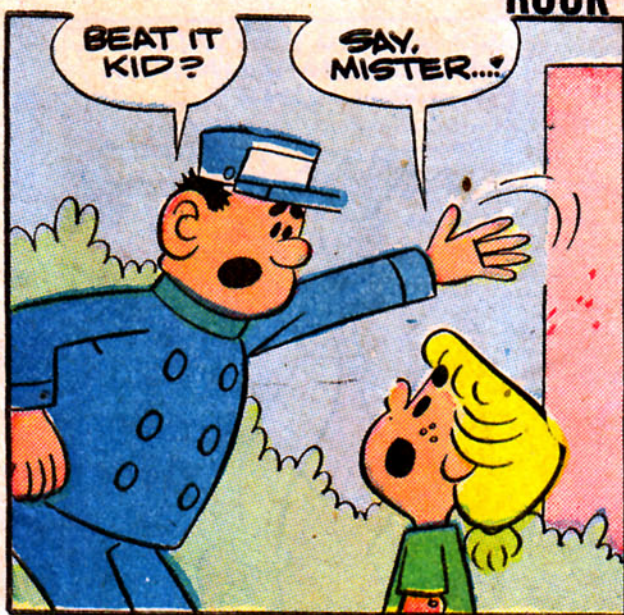
SHUDDER!

POW

SAY, MISTER....!

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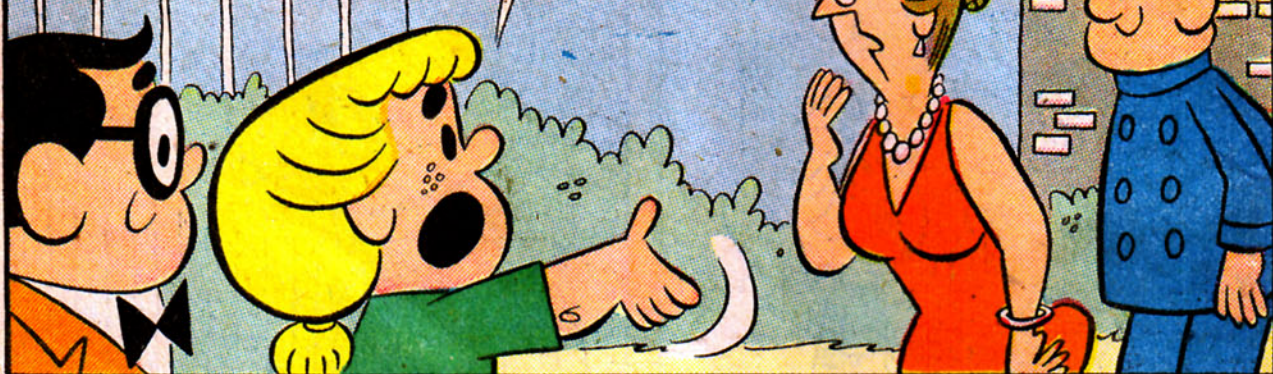


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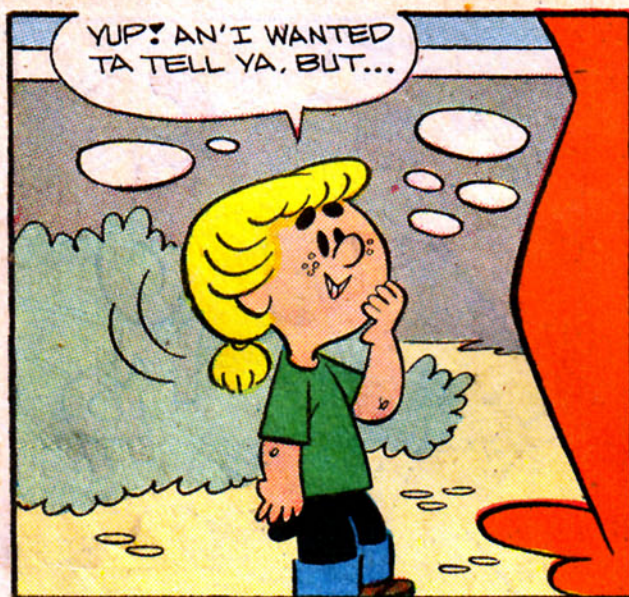
LATER--

THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYIN' TA TELL YA, MRS. MONEYBUCKS! I GOT HUNGRY AND I THOUGHT THE BANANA ON YOUR HAT WAS REAL, AN' WHEN I TOOK A BITE, IT BUSTED!

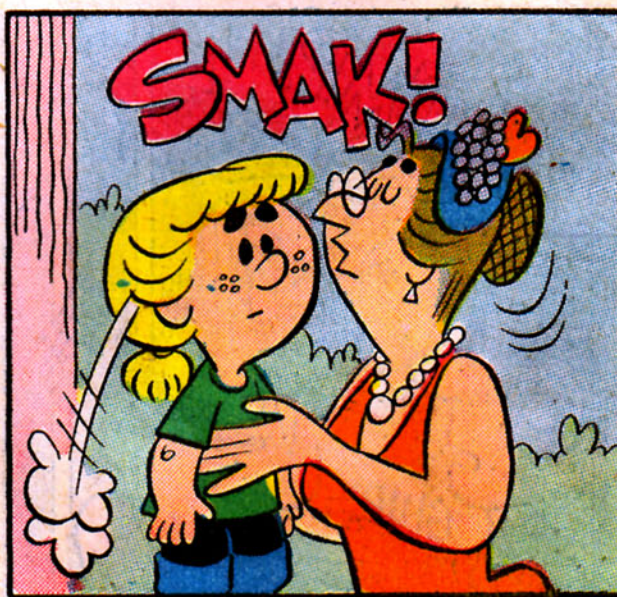
AND SO YOU REPLACED THE WAX BANANA WITH A REAL ONE?



YUP! AN' I WANTED TA TELL YA, BUT...



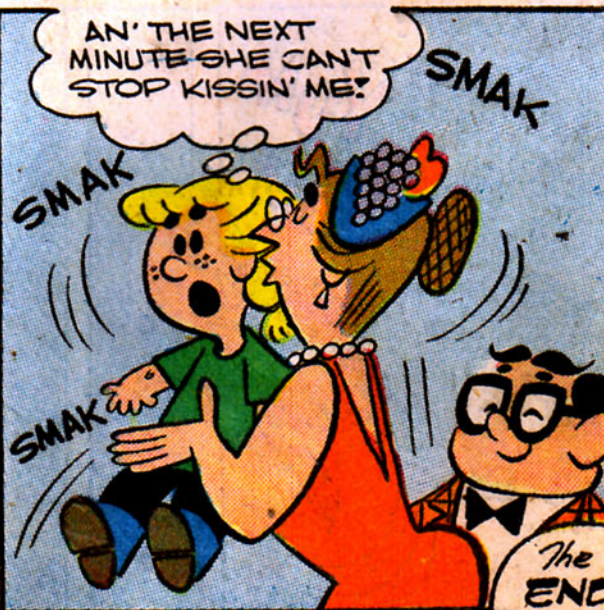
SMACK!

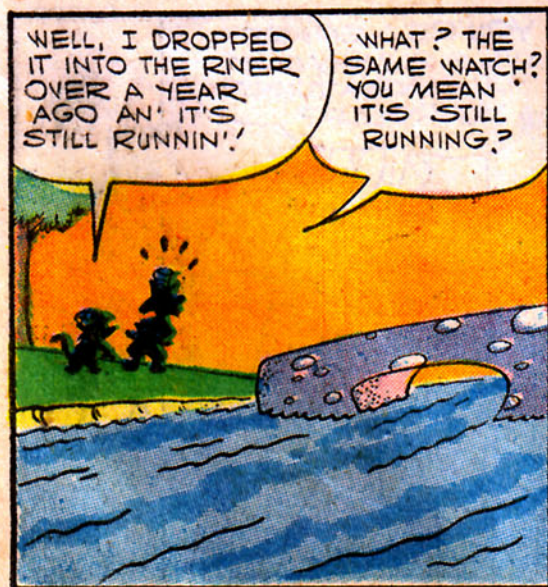
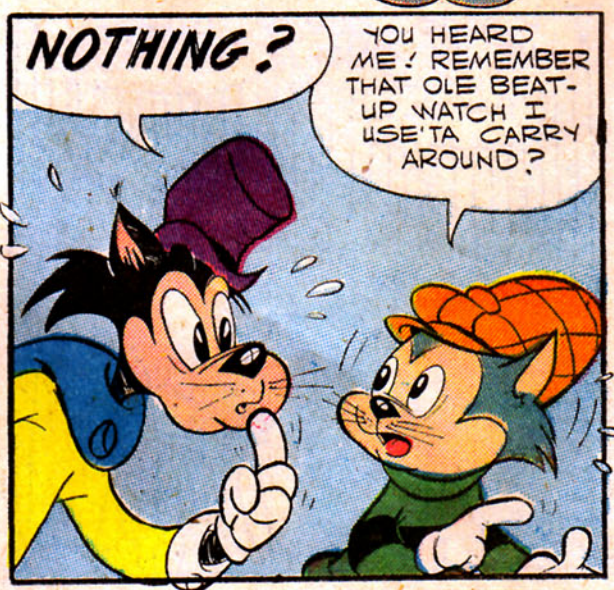
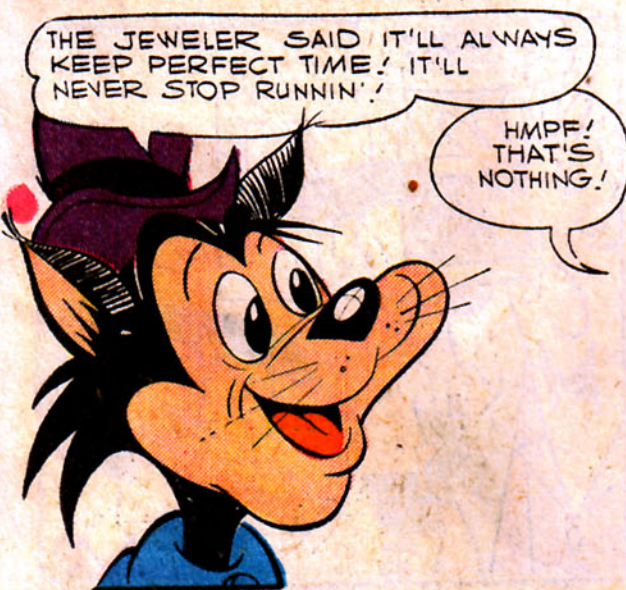
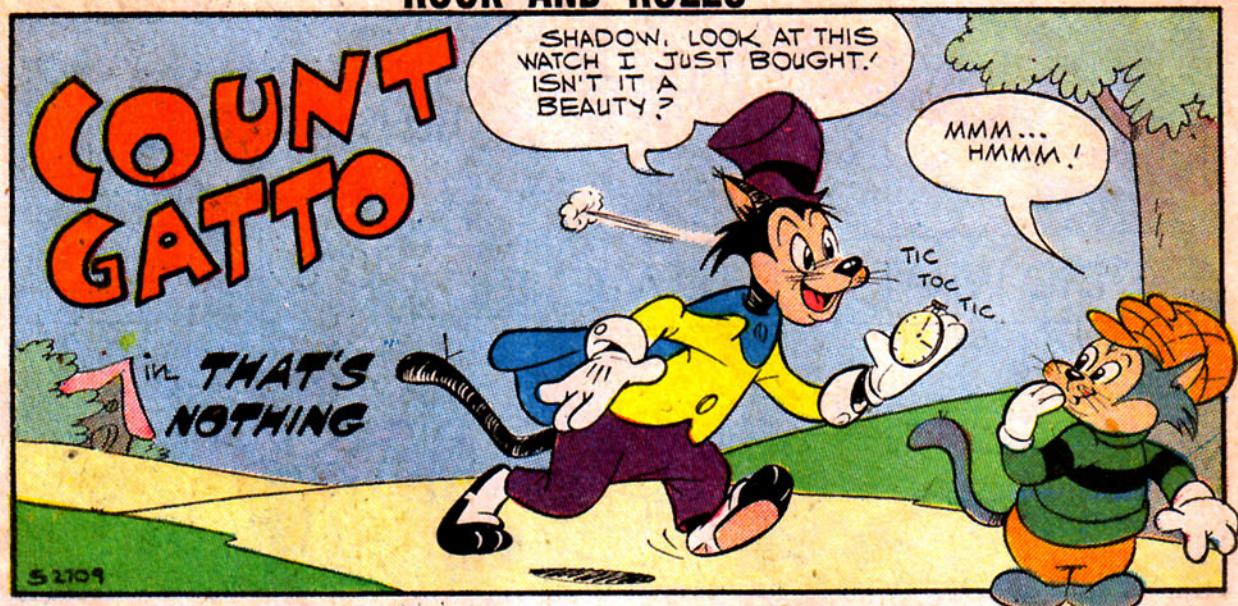


G-GOSH! ONE MINUTE MRS. MONEYBUCKS WON'T EVEN LET ME TALK TA HER!

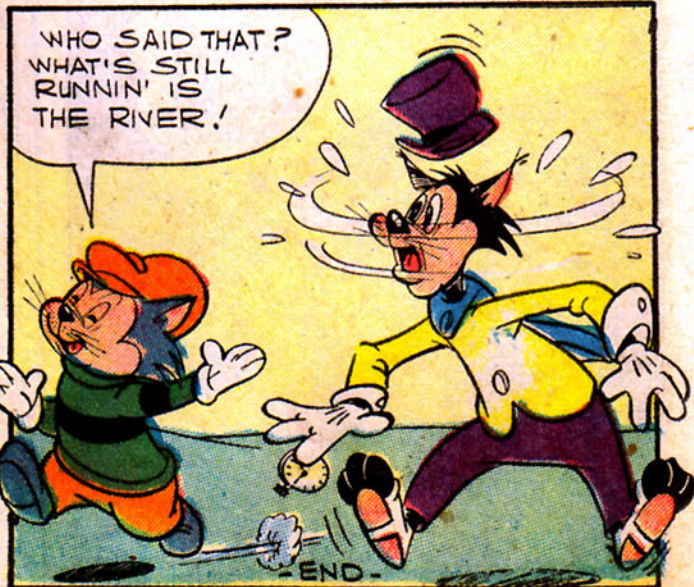


AN' THE NEXT MINUTE SHE CAN'T STOP KISSIN' ME!





WHAT? THE SAME WATCH? YOU MEAN IT'S STILL RUNNING?



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LIL TOMBOY

AWH HECK! WHAT'S
THE GOOD OF HAVIN'
'LECTRIC TRAINS WHEN
THERE'S NO TUNNEL
TA RUN 'EM THROUGH?

"I DID WHAT YA TOLD ME"

2668

PLEASE... BUY
ME JUS' ONE
LI'L OLE
TUNNEL!

HMPF!

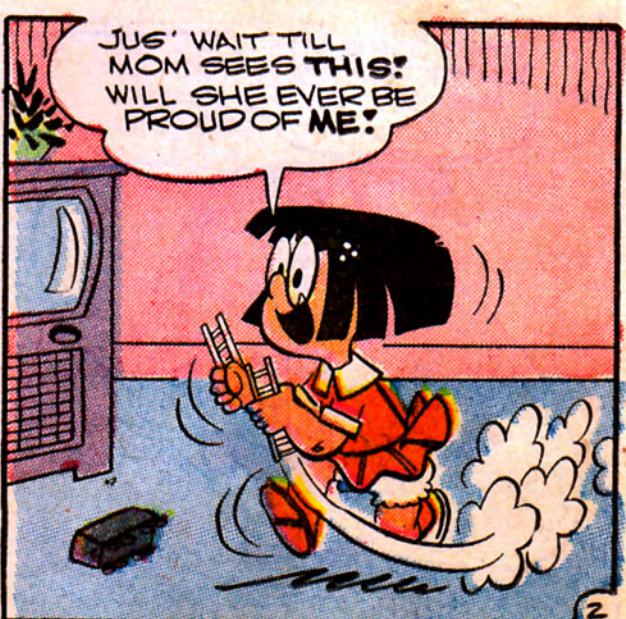
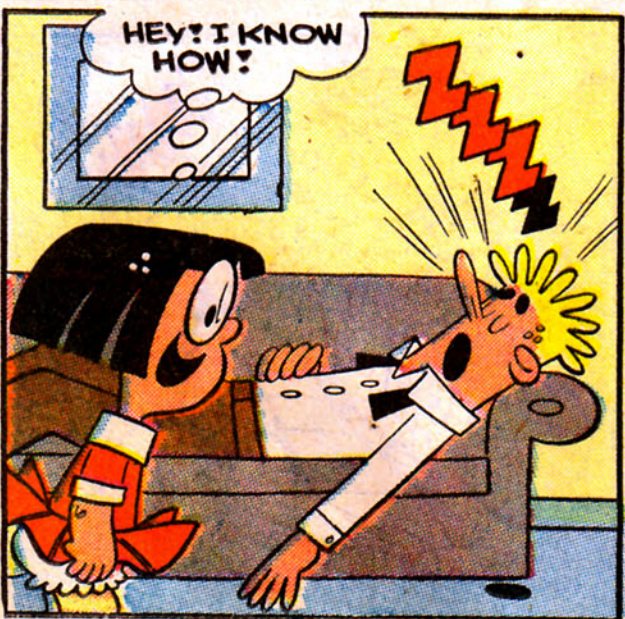
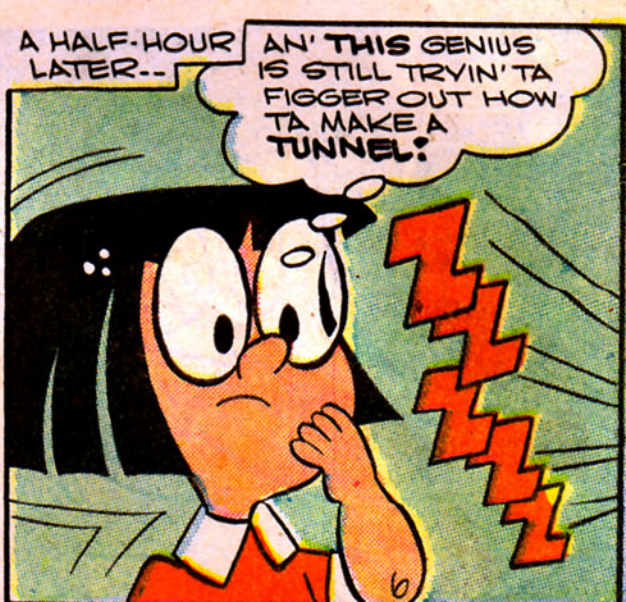
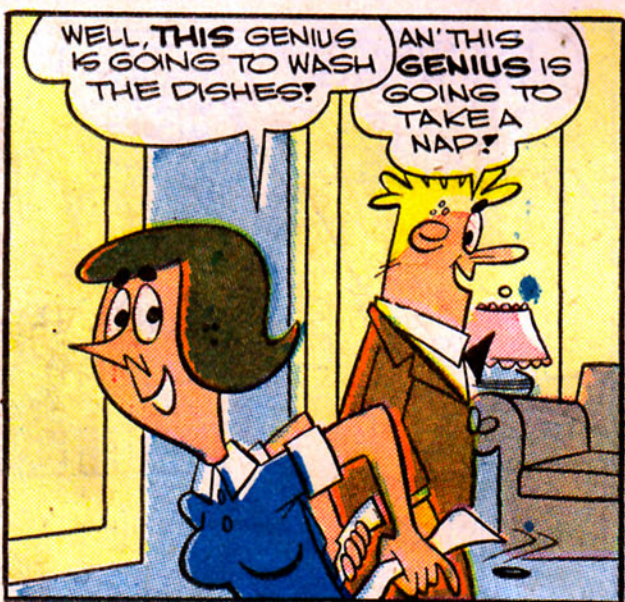
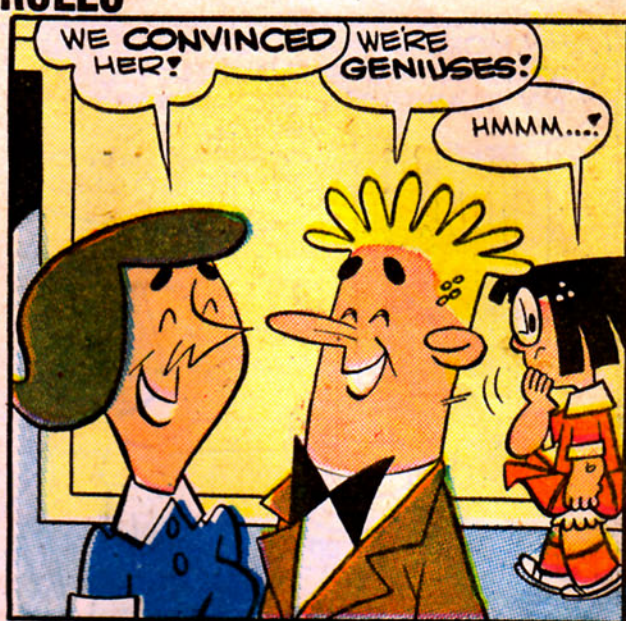
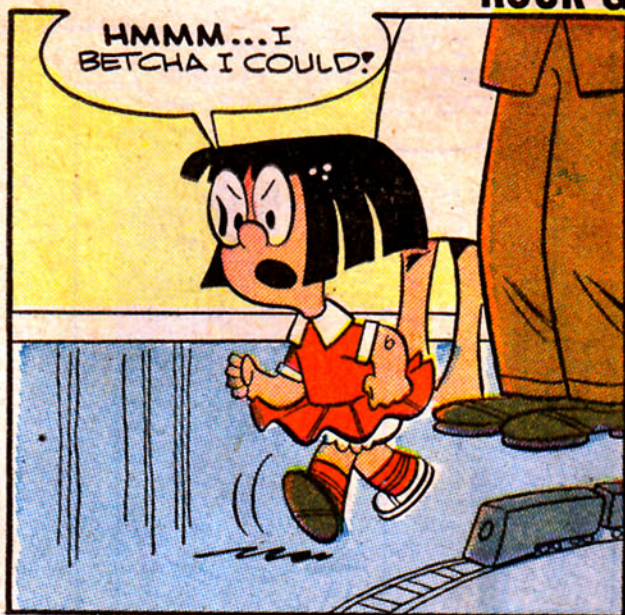
NO!!

MONEY DOESN'T
GROW ON TREES!

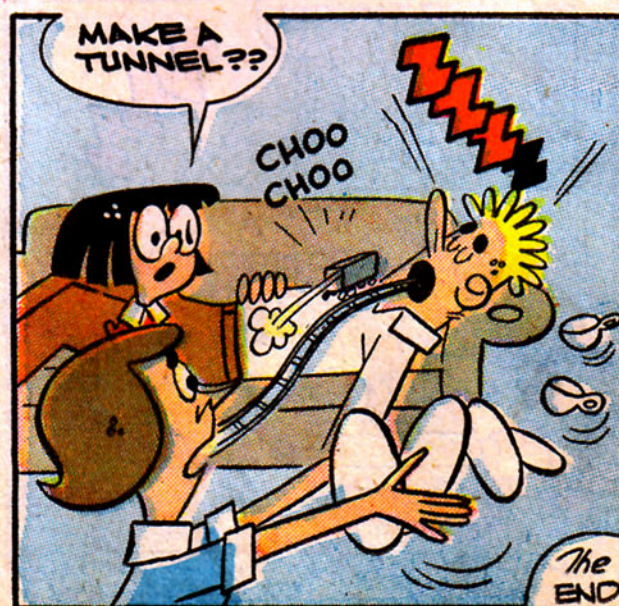
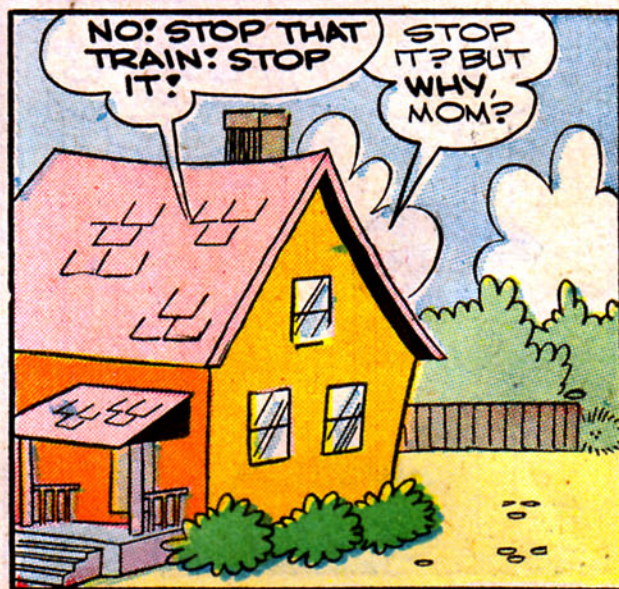
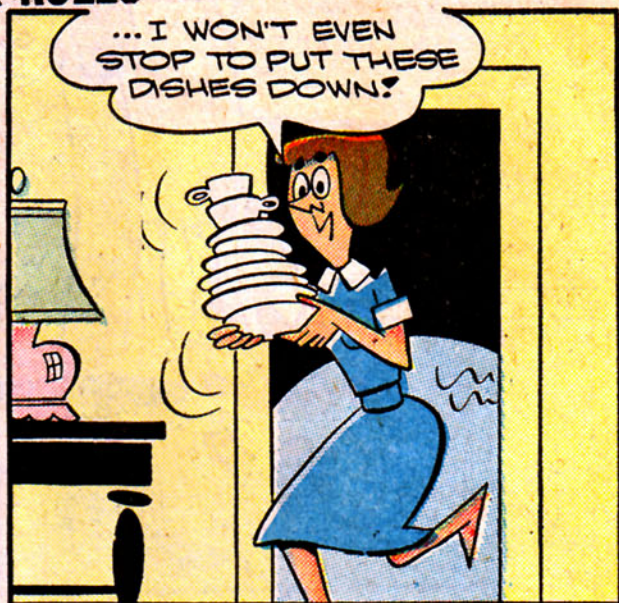
THOSE
TRAINS
COST A
LOT OF
MONEY!

YOU'RE A SMART
LI'L GIRL! WHY CAN'T
YOU MAKE A TUNNEL
YOURSELF?

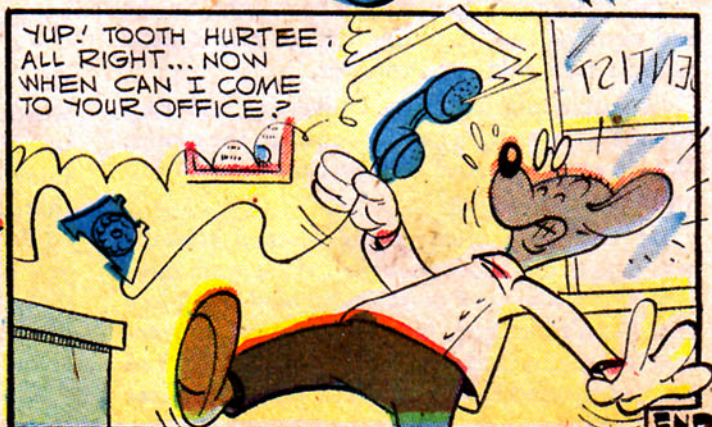
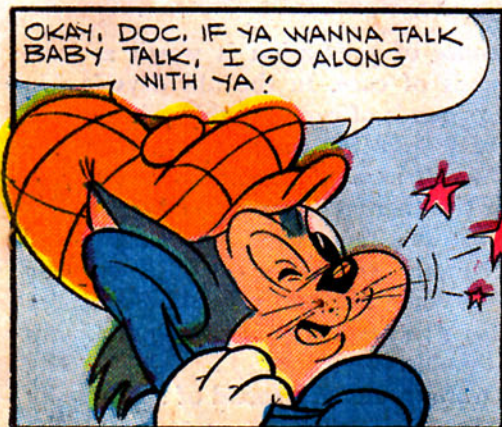
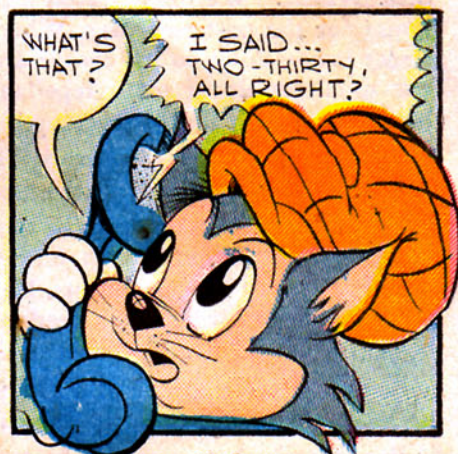
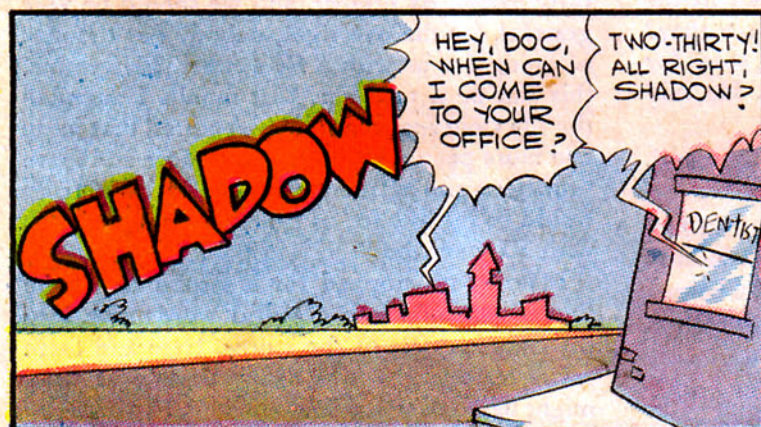
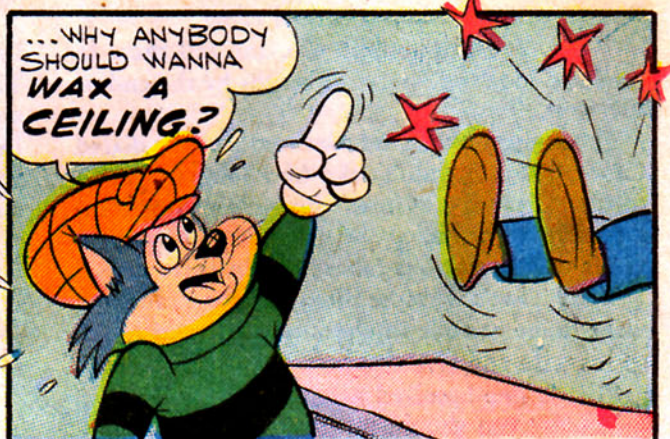
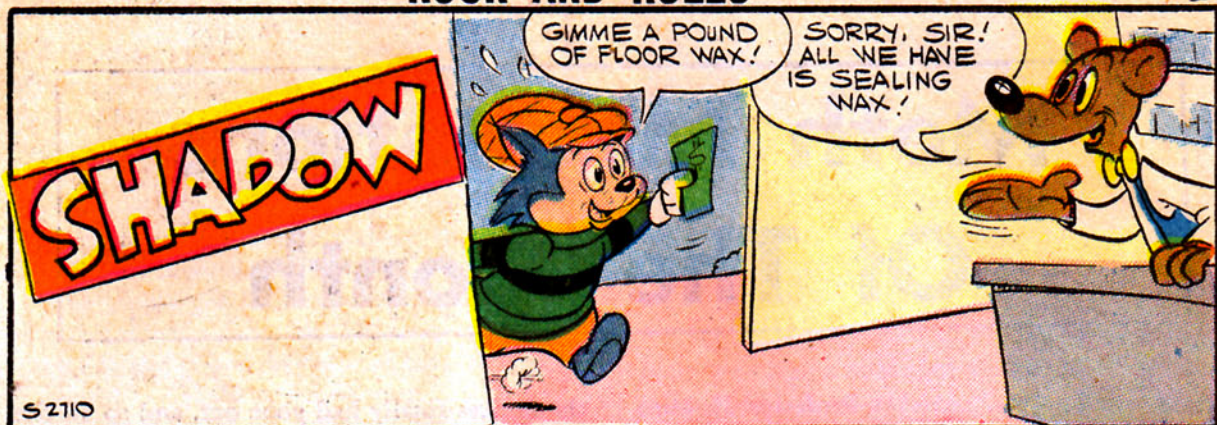
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Moth Meditations Of The Month

It was on July 2nd that Professor Howard Packer turned to his assistant, Dr. Bernard Rokeby and gave him a simple order.

"Call up Wimer Supply Co. and tell them to send me about one hundred moths by the end of the week."

Five minutes later, Dr. Bernard Rokeby dialed CA-4-98479. It didn't take him long to get in touch with Ralph Wimer who gave a short comment on the order.

"It will be at your laboratory in three days."

Yeh? That's what he thought! For in turn he went home at four in the afternoon and spoke to his wife and five children.

"Catch one hundred moths?"

"Funny you should say that to me," replied Mrs. Wimer. "We haven't seen a moth in the house for the past two days. Where are they? I sent Benny down to the corner drug store for our usual supply of moth repellants. He said he would send it up this evening."

"Don't use the stuff," warned her husband. "At least not until we catch the moths."

But there were no moths to be caught. In fact you just couldn't find a moth. So Ralph Wimer called up five of his competitors. He had helped them in the past when they needed something, he had in stock, like a miniature lion.

"I must have one hundred moths at once," he repeated to each of them. "Price is no object."

But there were no moths to be caught. So the sad news had to be transmitted to Dr. Rokeby who in turn told the Professor.

"I just contacted State University and they too are wondering what happened to the moths. Where are they? And wherever they are — just what are they doing?"

At that very moment the learned scientist was expressing those thoughts, there were millions and millions of moths assembled in a place that I can't mention. It was the annual convention of moths and for various reasons it had been postponed for the past 278 years. However

the notices finally had gone out, and so all the moths had gathered in this one big place.

"Silence," shouted Moogie Moth over the loud speaker. "I want no more flying around. The wind vibrations will disturb the speeches and reports that have to be made. First we will hear from our representative in the Eastern states. I give you that famous moth of the month, Mato Moth."

In spite of the warning there was an up and downward movement of moths. This was to show they were glad that Mato Moth had come so far to give his report. Then there was silence as he spoke.

"In the Eastern states," he began, "there is a tendency for people to try to smack us with their hands. At present, and we should be very grateful for the oversight, nobody has thought of going for us with a fly swatter. Believe me, this can be a problem. Last month I attended the Fly Convention and they reported that more and more people were becoming more and more proficient and efficient with the fly swatter. It would be terrible for us if they should go for us with a fly swatter."

Mato Moth stopped for a second to let the significance of those dreadful words sink into the consciousness of the moths. Here and there was a terrible groan as the realization of what might be, took effect. Mato Moth looked around at his most appreciative audience and continued speaking.

"An ounce of prevention is worth at least fifty pounds of cure. In the old days it was worth ten pounds of cure, but things have gone up. Hence I make the following recommendations: That all parents present here be certain that their children take better exercises on how to dart away at a faster pace. Now for some of you older moths, you better cut down on your diet and do some exercises yourself. Remember our motto: The moth that is nimble can jump across a thimble."

There was a prolonged round of applause by

the moths. They realized that they had been given good advice. Then Moogie Moth took the loud speaker and introduced another famous moth.

"From the Southern states," he said, "I give you our representative, the moth that always has our interests at heart. I present to you none other than Moochie Moth."

The moths got so excited they flew up and down. In fact a few even flew right into each other. Being polite they would buzz:

"Oohboomoodoogoo."

The human ear is unable to ever hear this because moths buzz at a vibration of 234987 megacycles which is beyond our range. That buzz means very simply: Excuse me. Didn't mean to bump into you.

Moochie Moth took the microphone. He knew he had sad news to relate. Being a moth of courage he decided to speak the truth at once and not delay any longer.

"As you know the climate in the Southern states is warm. That means the people do not need winter overcoats. For years we have had as a staple part of our diet the winter overcoats. We are increasing in population and the number of winter overcoats in the Southern states are less. What are we going to do? In an emergency we may have to set up food kitchens for our hungry fellow moths. Believe me, this might happen in the Northern states. There are certain types of humans we don't like. One is the show off kind. They have a show off kind — usually young — who wants to go around in cold weather without an overcoat, just to show that the weather has no effect upon his person. That means one less overcoat to feed us. It may be that we will have to contact Mr. Winter at the North Pole. Point out the situation and ask him to make the winters more severe."

He stopped speaking for a moment, for he realized that there would be more bad news for the moths to hear from the next speaker. You could have heard a pin drop as the moth sobbed. He was led quietly from the speaker's platform, and Moogie the Moth took the microphone and spoke again.

"We have a report from our research division. Musty Moth has something to tell you."

There was again a round of applause. But not too intense because the moths were getting tired. Musty Moth went up to the microphone and read his report to the assembled moths.

"When I was a young moth I was taught to eat wool, and I know that every moth present likes to eat wool. But what about the new syn-

thetic fibres that are being used? Some of them even look like wool. They make a carpet and it isn't wool! They make a man's suit and it isn't wool! If people stopped using wool, what would happen to us? Don't dare think about it. I have had my research staff busy. Trying to find out the answer to what looks like a simple question: What did we moths eat before people had clothing made out of wool?

Alas, we can't find any written records. Believe me, and I speak from the depth of my heart with full sincerity — this is the price we pay for ignorance. If moths had learned to write and read like humans — we could have the answer. We may have to establish moth schools. Educate the future generation to be able to at least read and write. And I go so far as to say we should even teach our young moths the fundamentals of research. Look at the moth repellants. I know you don't want to hear the bitter truth, but they were discovered by scientists.

It is getting harder and harder for a moth to find something to eat! If we are lucky enough to get into a closet where there are wool garments, what do we learn? The housewife has purchased something that gives us the works! Face the truth, my fellow moths, no matter how bitter and distasteful it be. If we don't do something to protect our interests, we, like the Dinosaurs, will just be a memory of the past."

There was a period of quiet for the assembled moths quite well understood what was taking place in the world. Suddenly a little moth began to sing:

"Say it isn't so, Say it isn't so."

The refrain was taken up by millions of moths. At least it took the moth's mind away from the problems of the day. A financial report was read but nobody paid any attention to it. The convention was starting to break up.

"I have an important date," smiled Mister Moth. "Can't keep a female waiting, you know."

"I better get back to the Western states at once," commented another moth. "They are building a new house there. Maybe I will pay the inhabitants a visit."

By July 9th., all the moths had returned to their respective home territories. Professor Howard Packer dropped a letter to his desk. He saw something in the room.

"Ah, a moth," he exclaimed.

ROCK AND ROLLO

Y-YA MEAN THAT'S
THE TRAIN YA
WANT US TA HOLD?

HMPF! DIDN'T I
TELL YA THEY DRESS-
ED US UP KINDA FUNNY
FOR HOLDIN'
TRAINS?!

"HOLD THAT
TRAIN"

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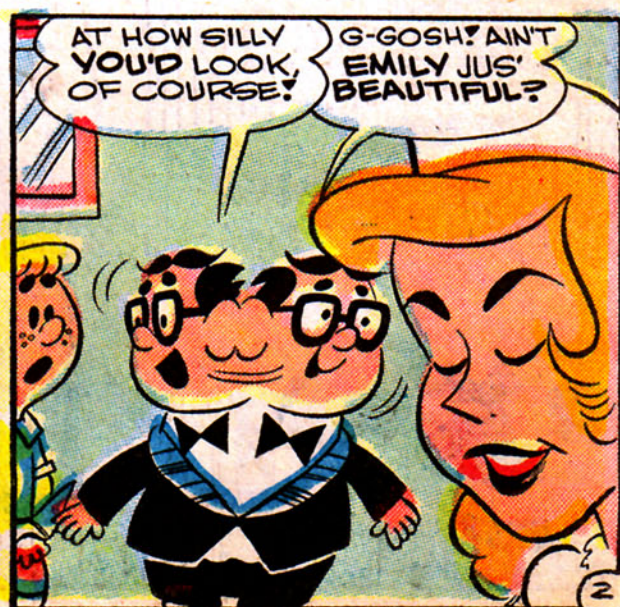
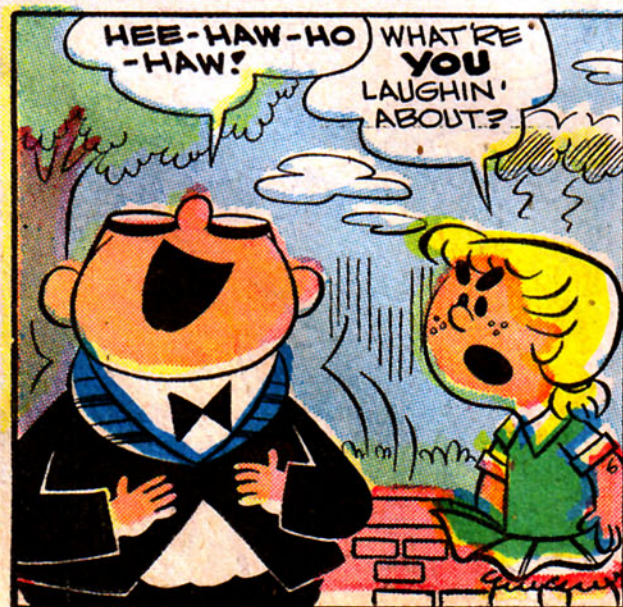
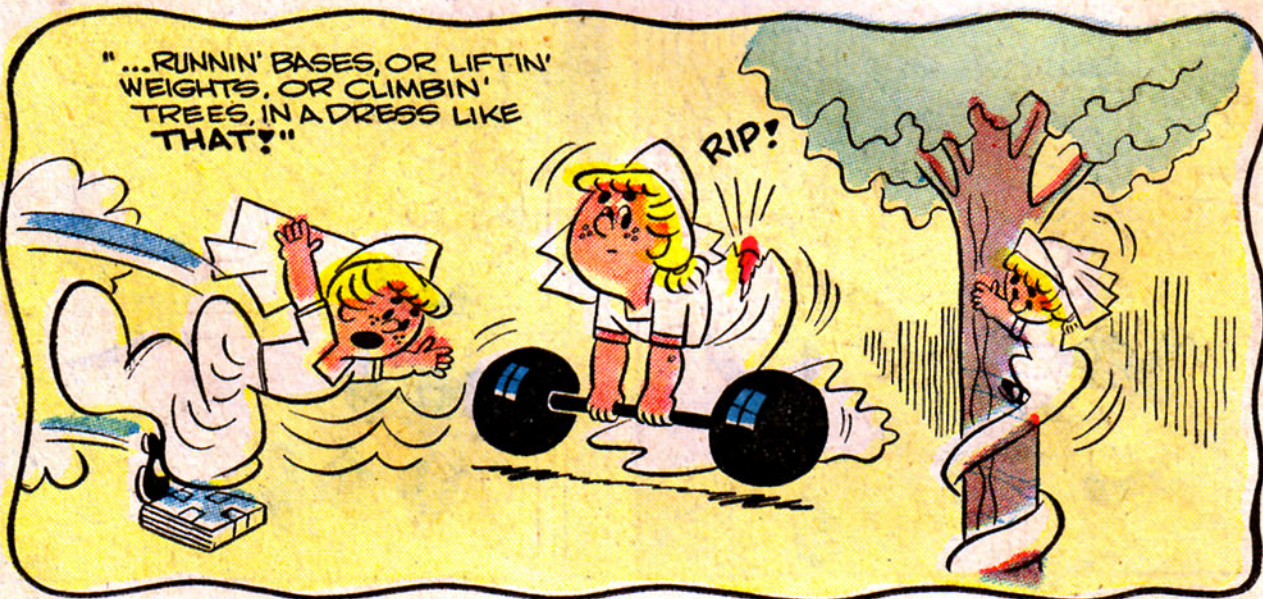
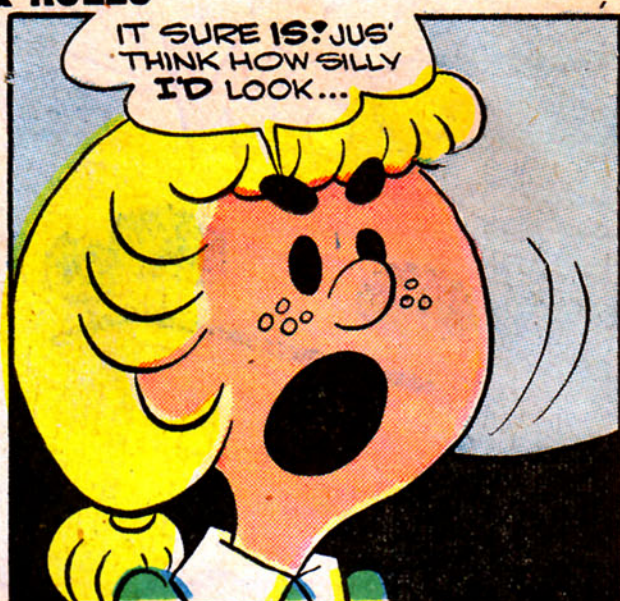
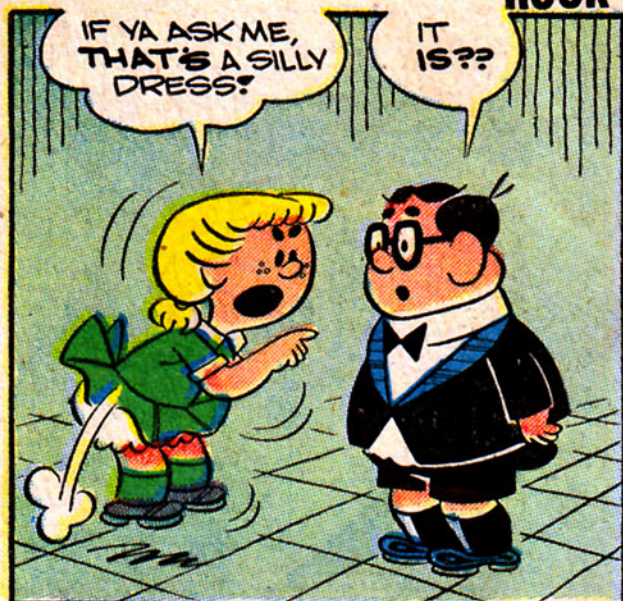
DOESN'T YOUR
COUSIN, EMILY,
LOOK BEAUTIFUL
IN HER WEDDING
GOWN, ROLLO?

YEAH...!

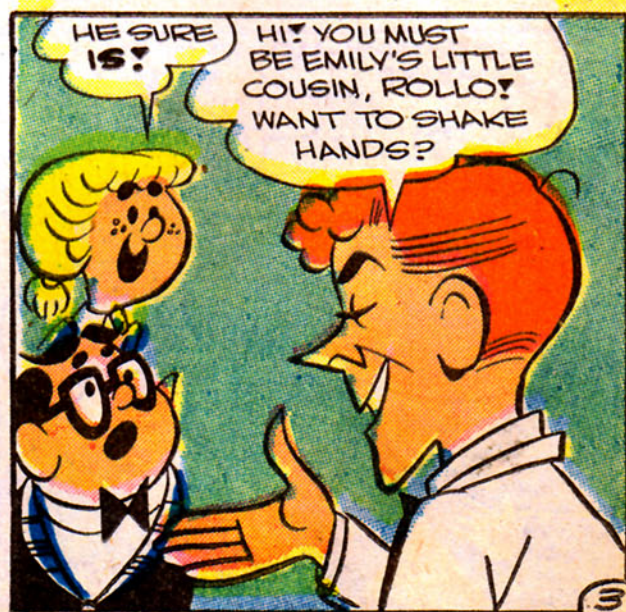
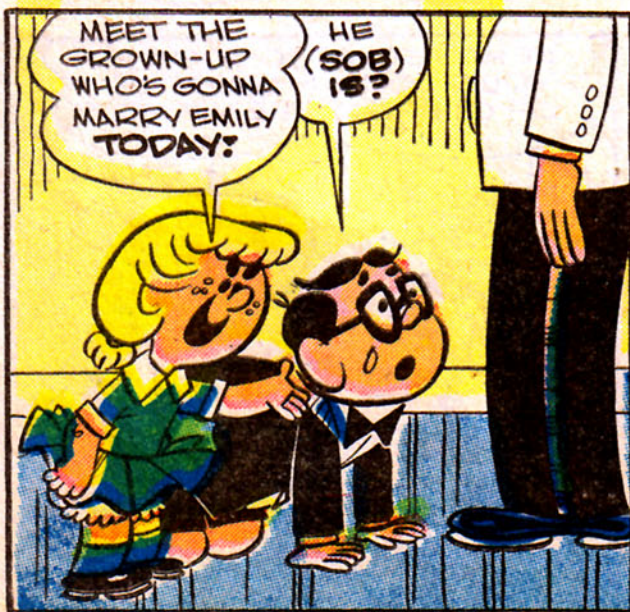
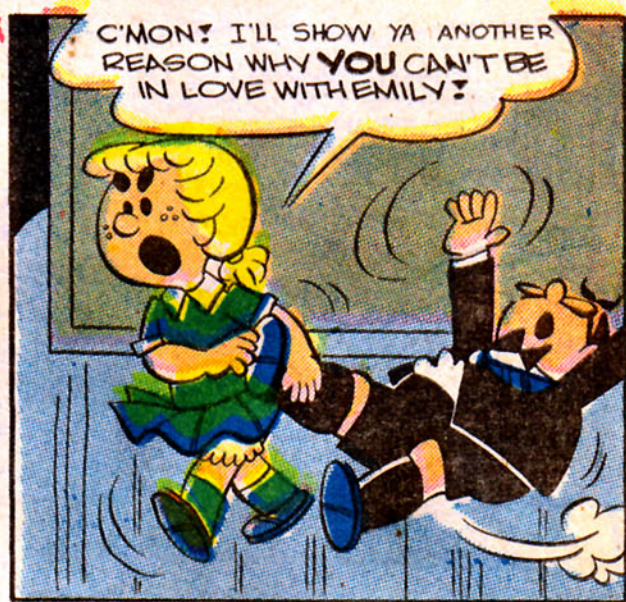
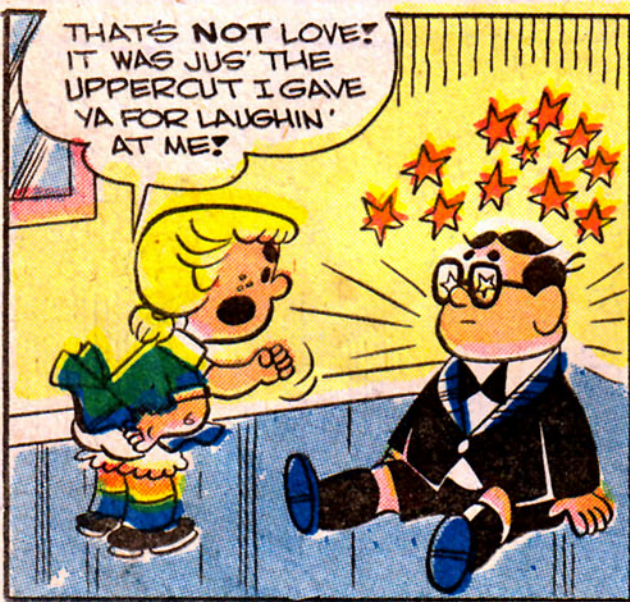
--SHE (SIGH)
SURE DOES!

HE'S ALWAYS
HAD A CRUSH
ON HER?

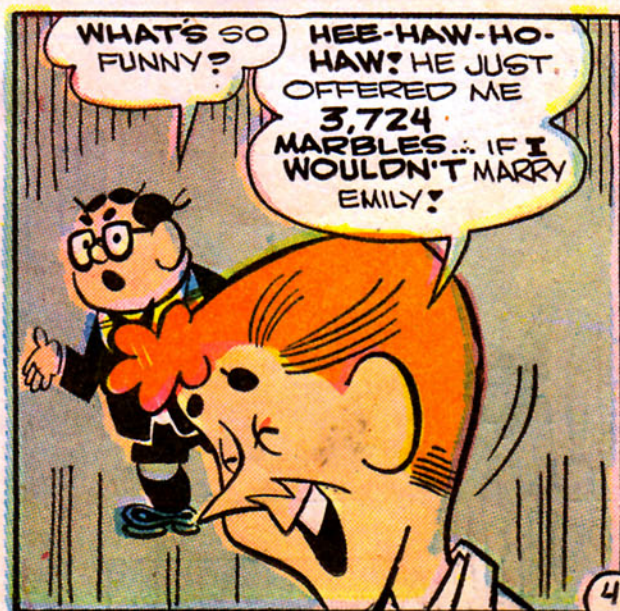
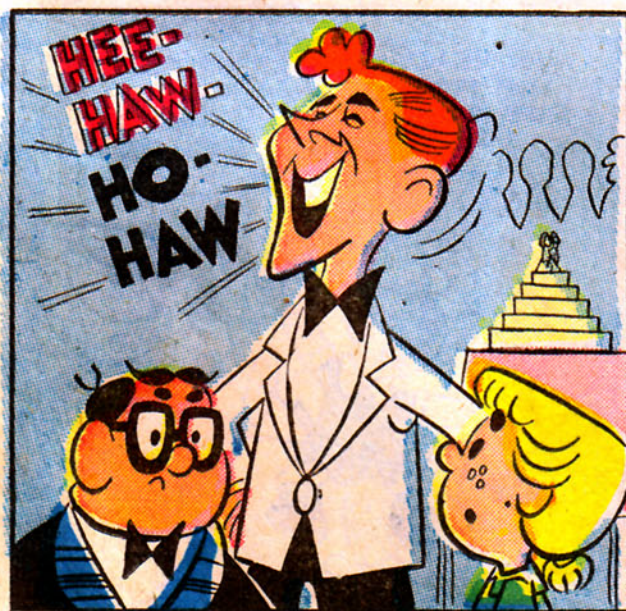
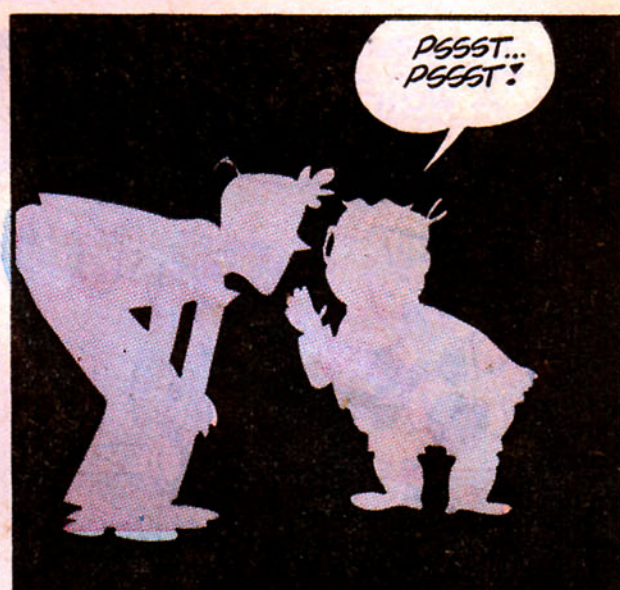
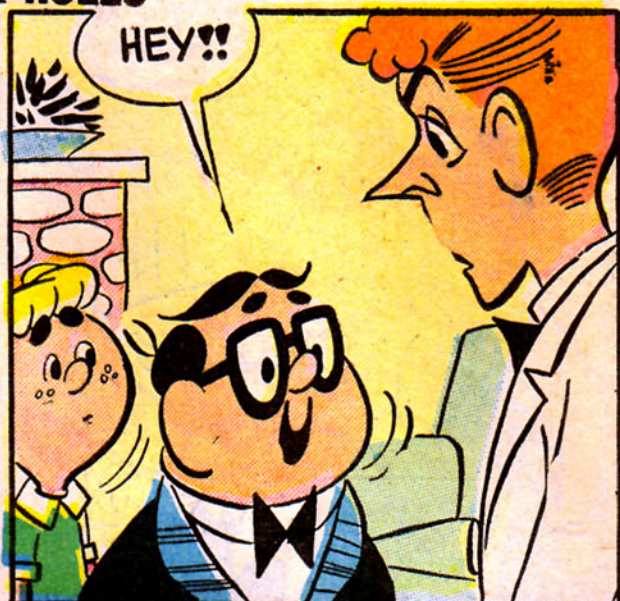
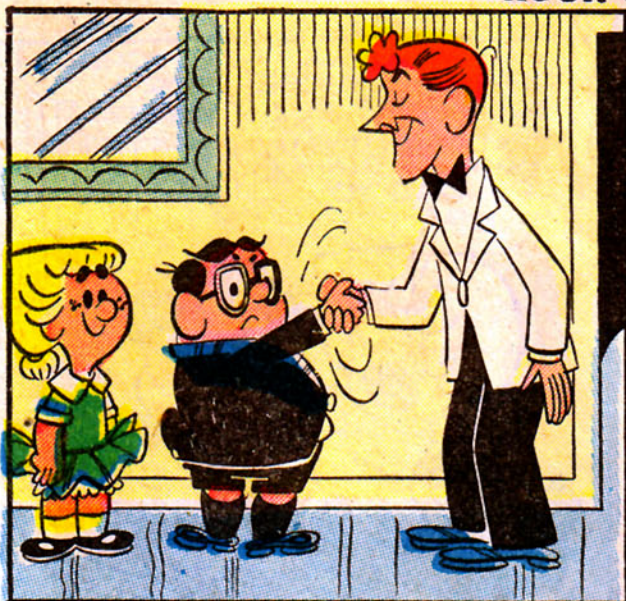
ROCK & ROLLO



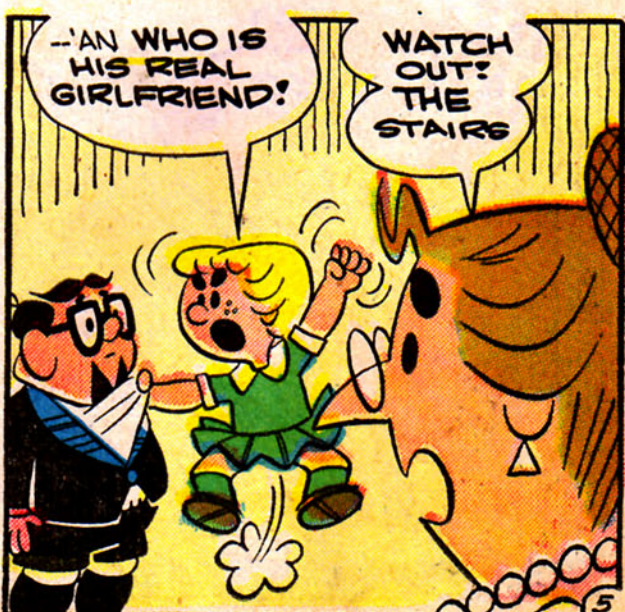
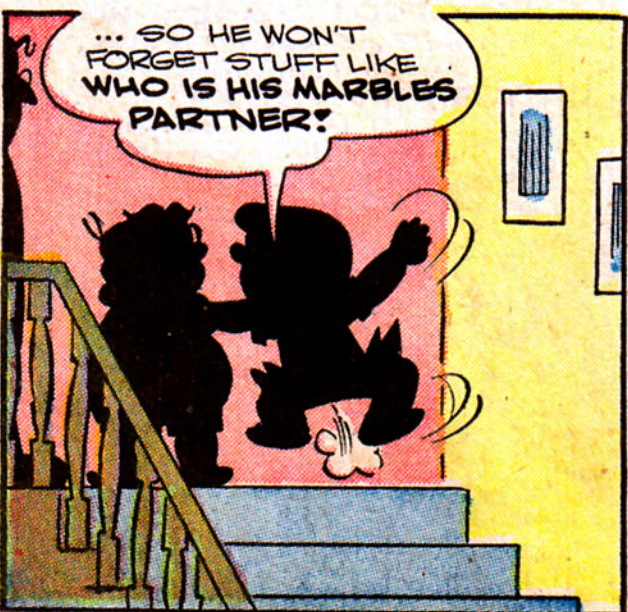
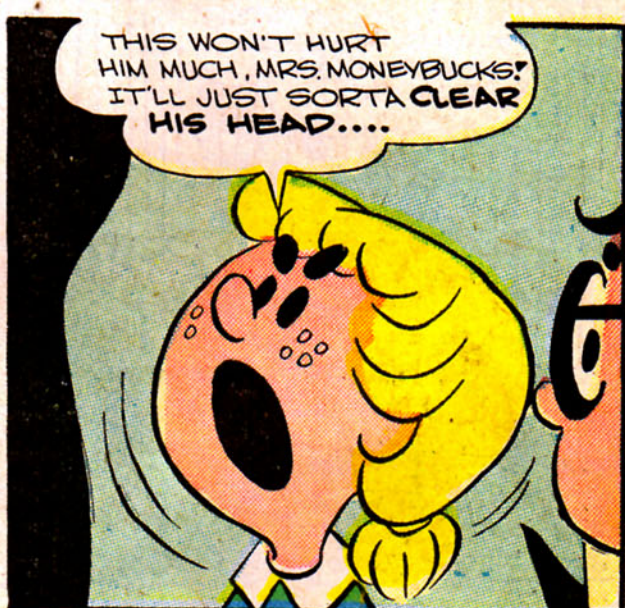
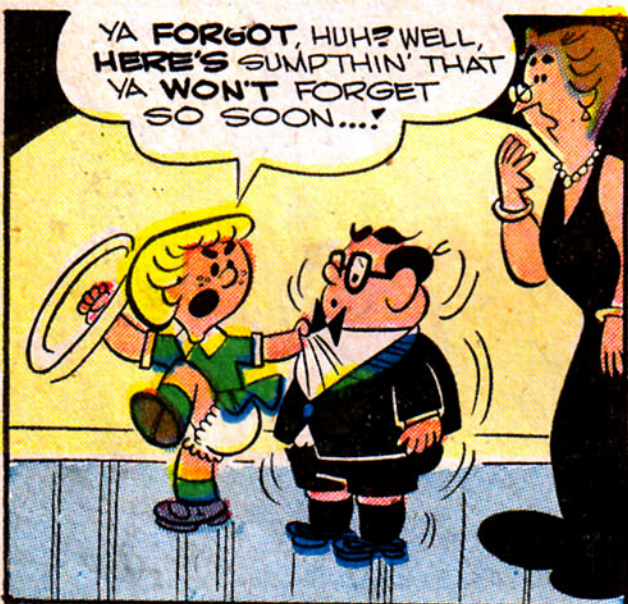
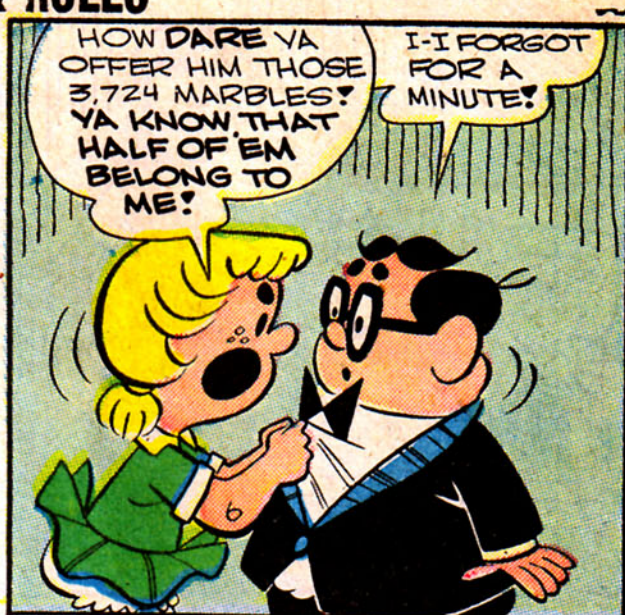
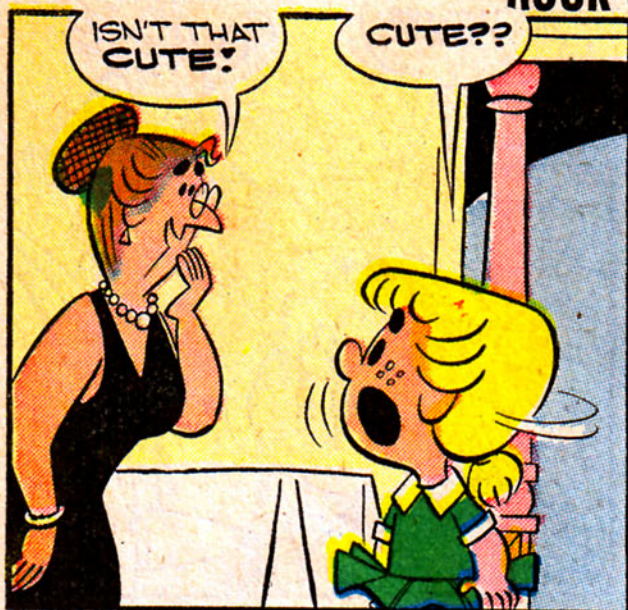
ROCK & ROLLO



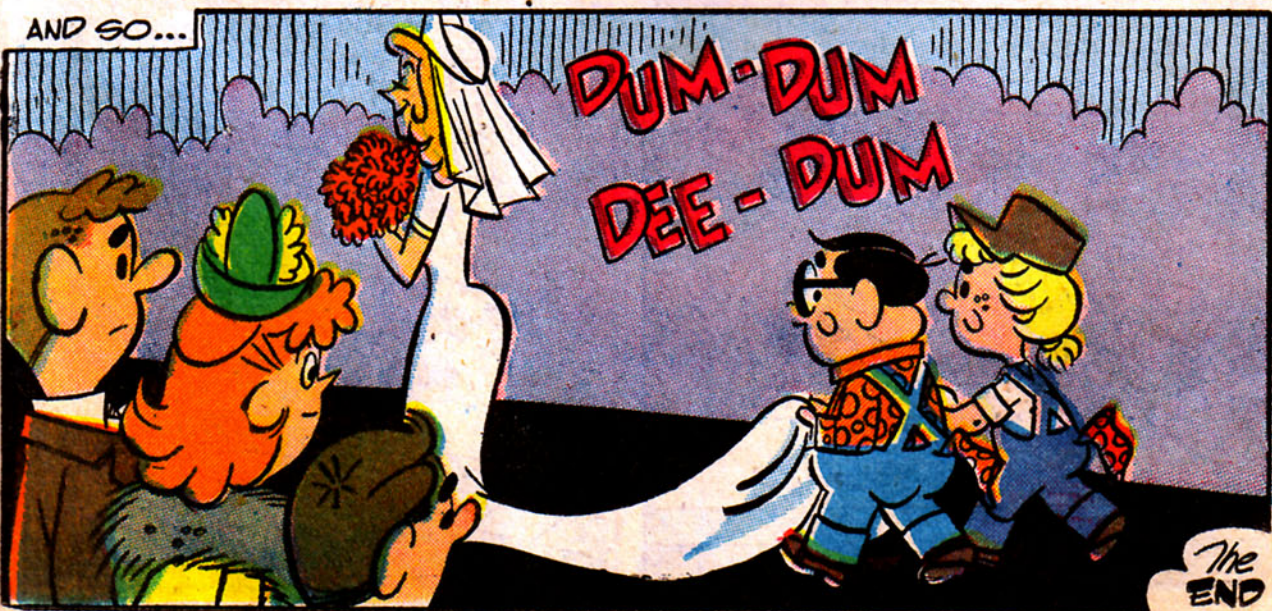
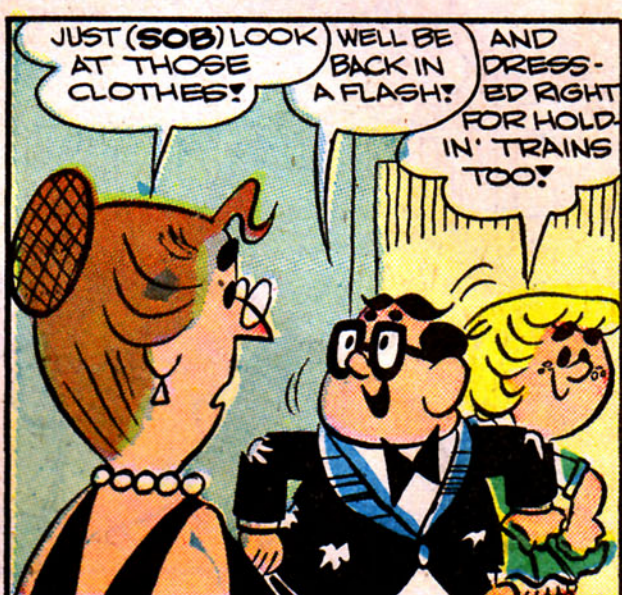
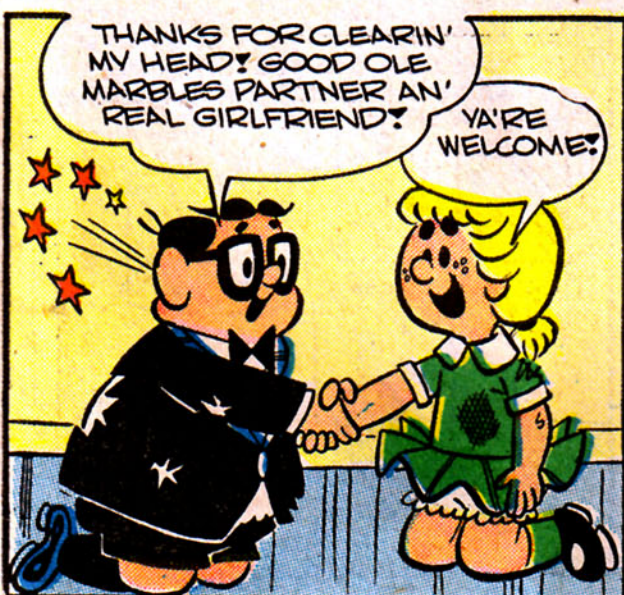
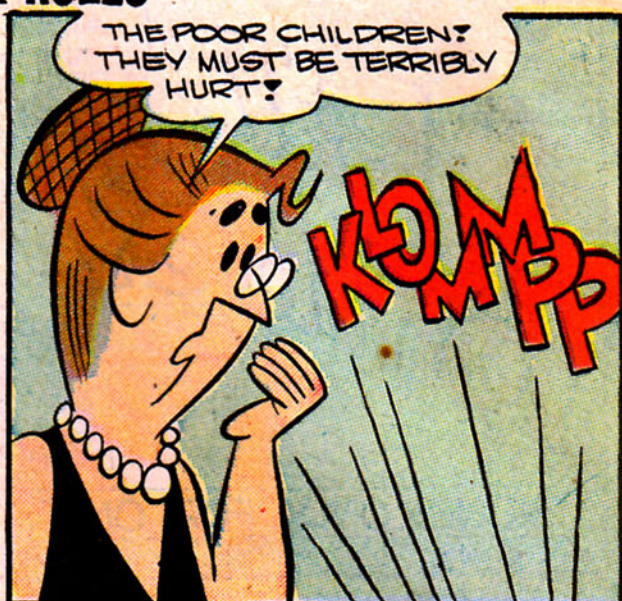
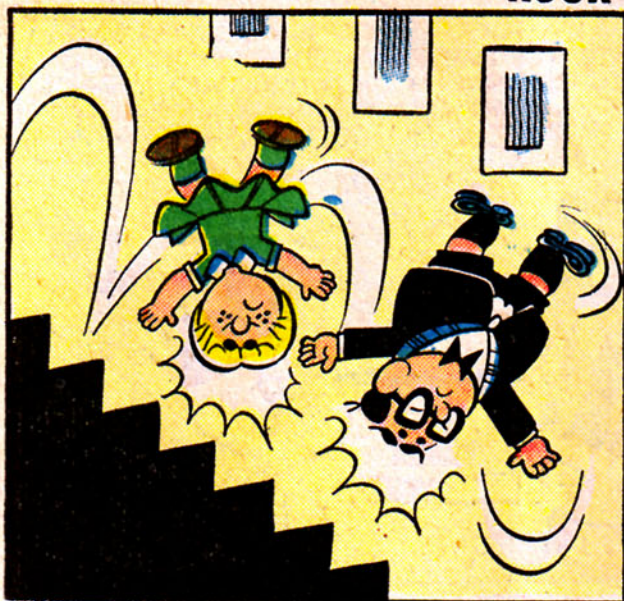
ROCK & ROLLO



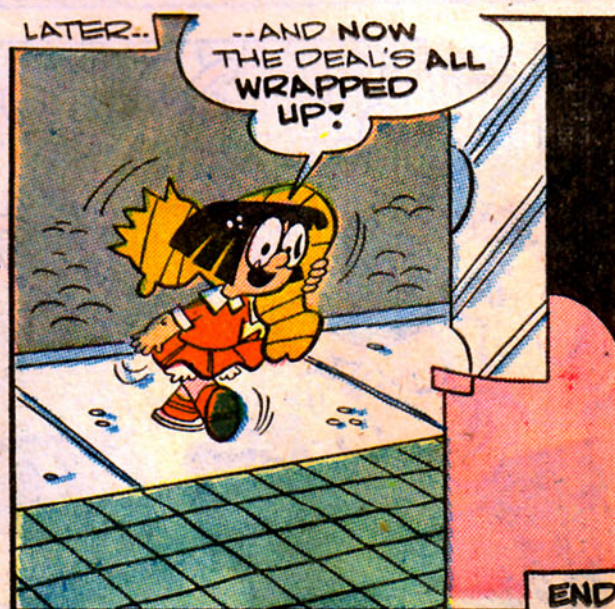
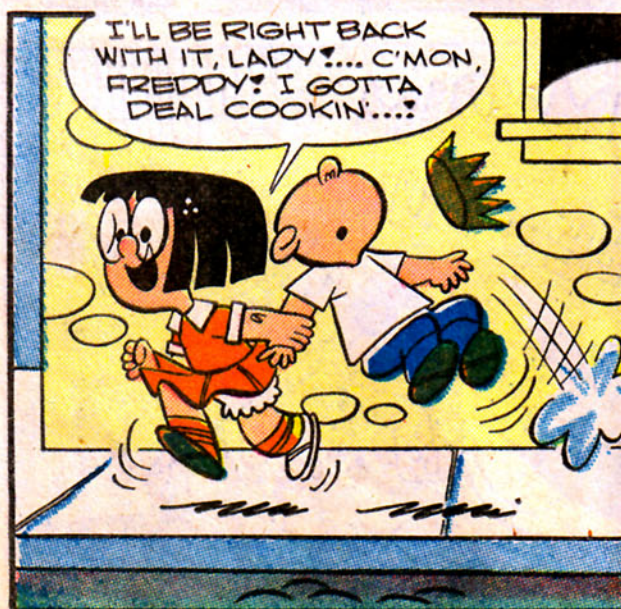
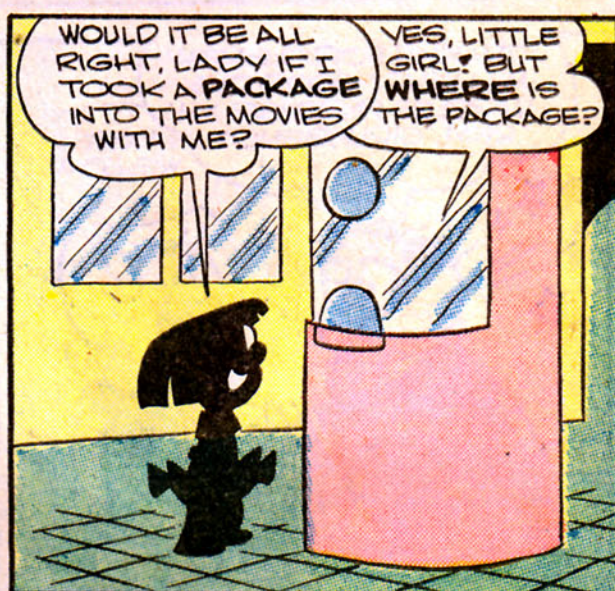
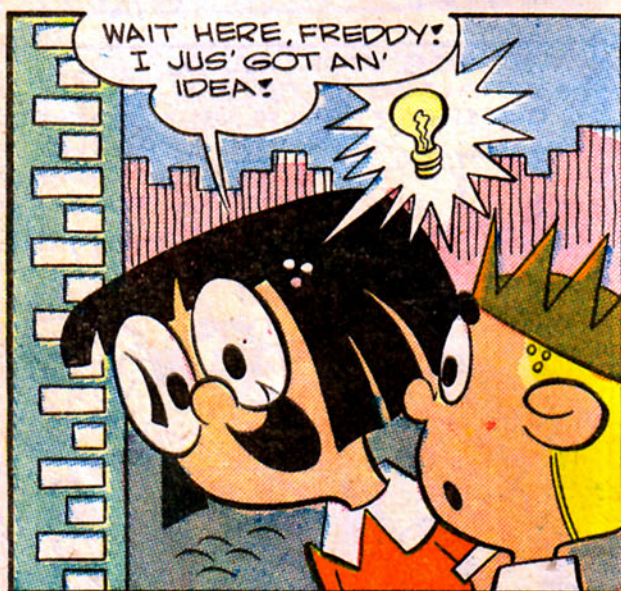
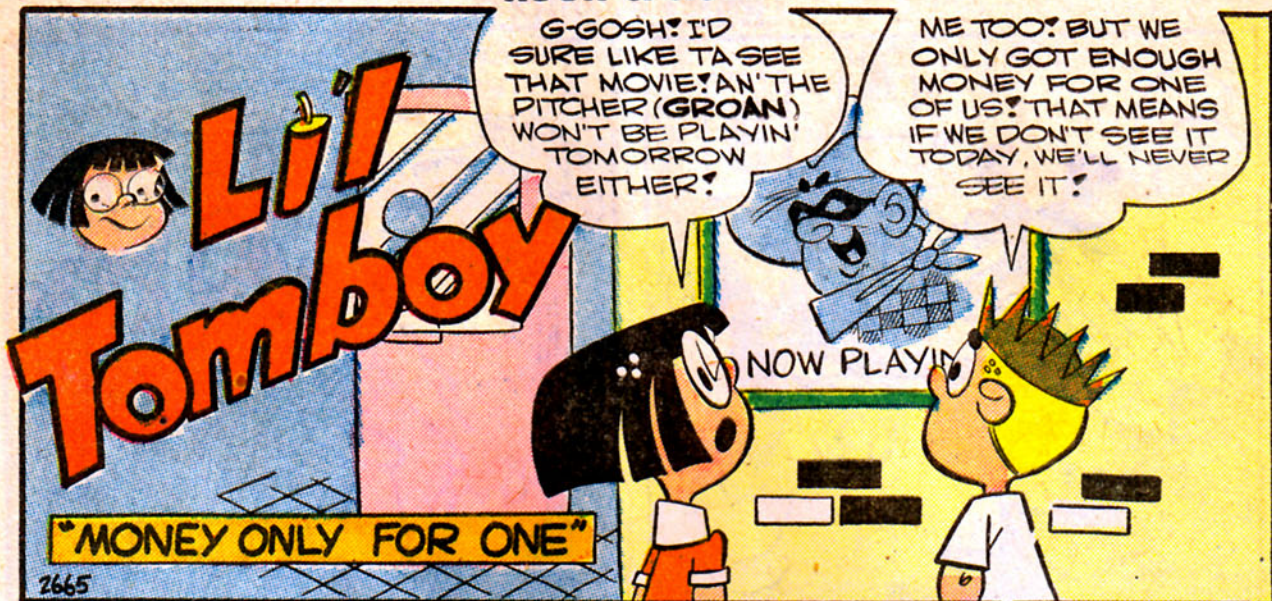
ROCK & ROLLO



ROCK & ROLLO



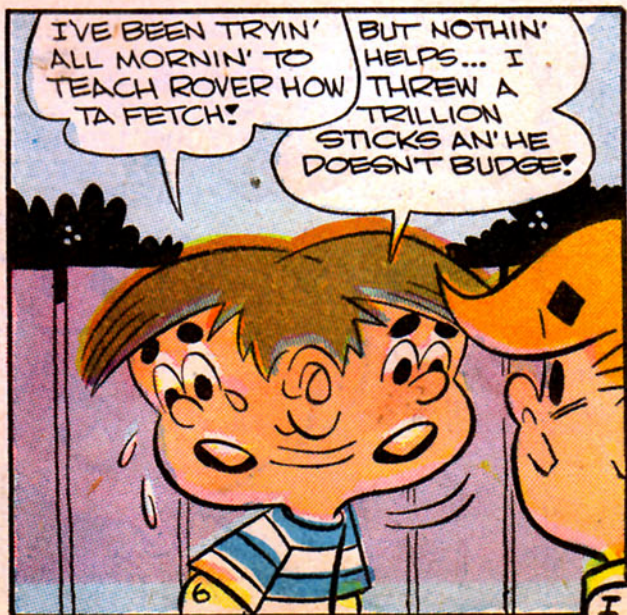
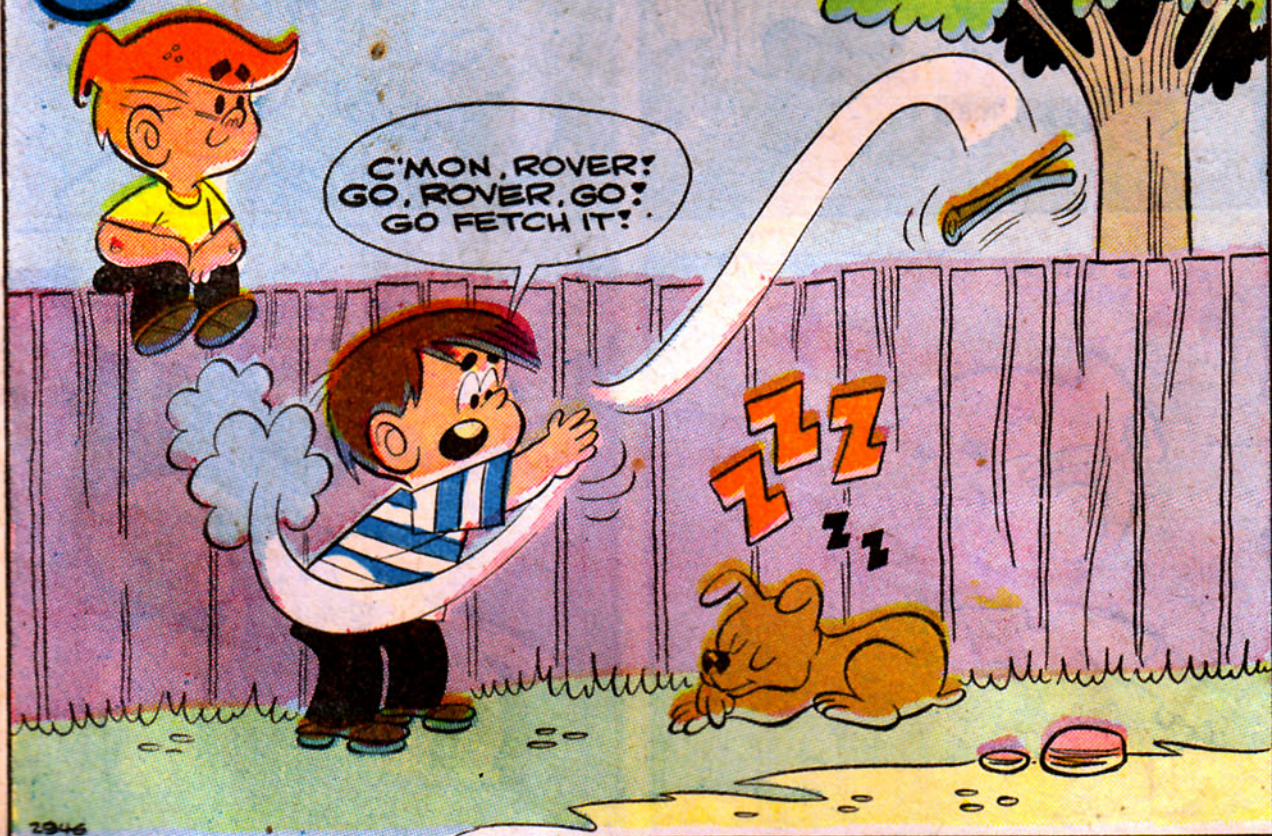
ROCK & ROLLO



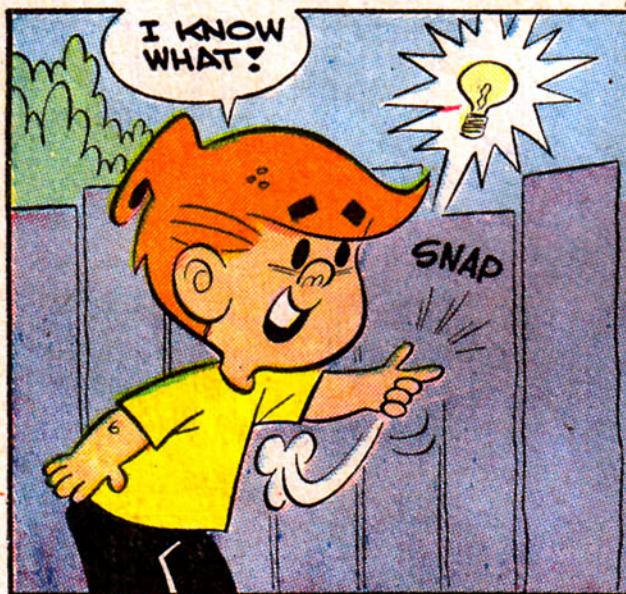
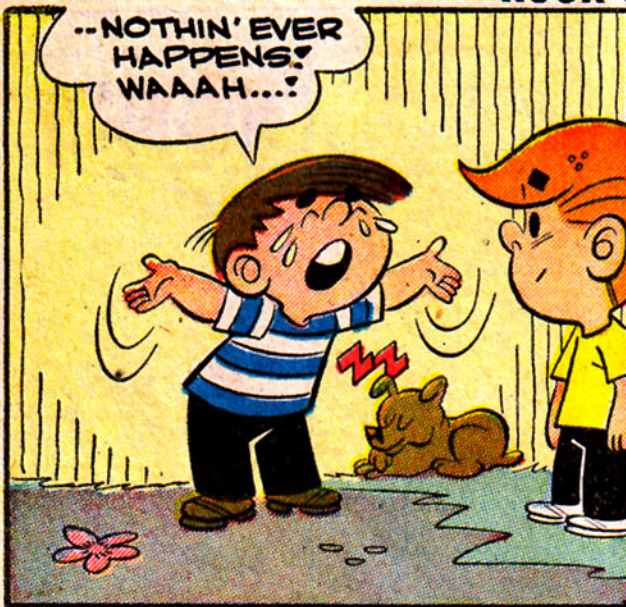
Li'l Genius



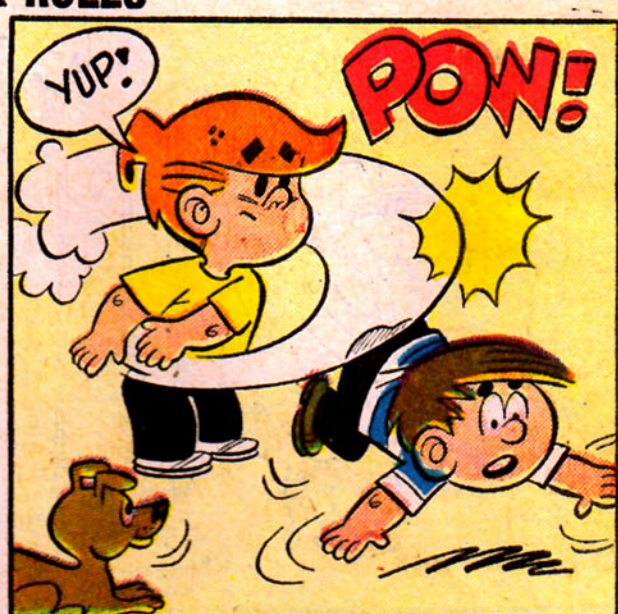
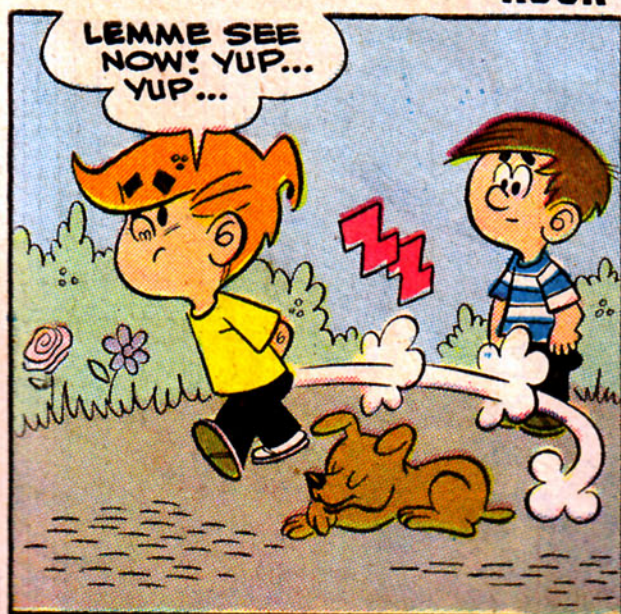
"...DIDN'T IT?"



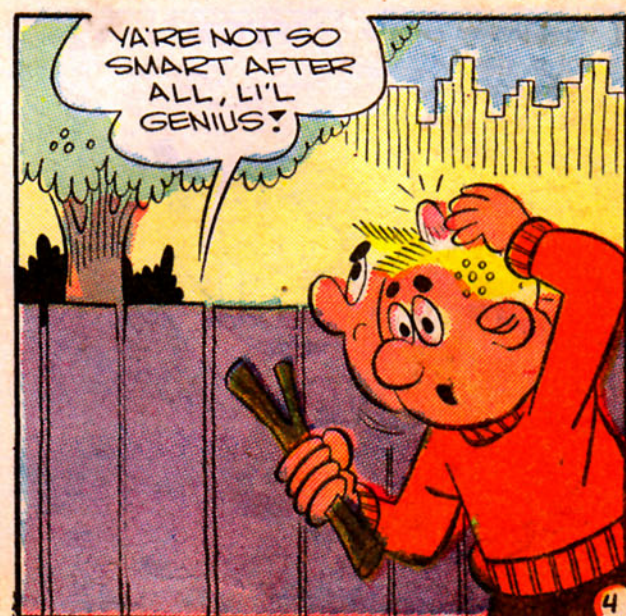
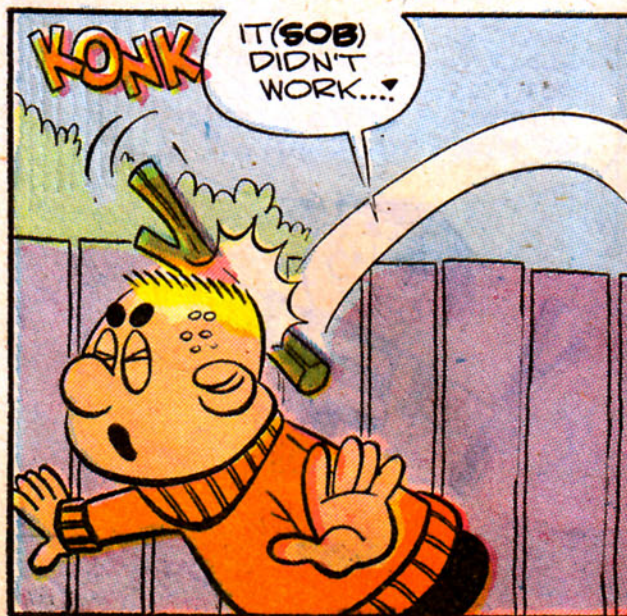
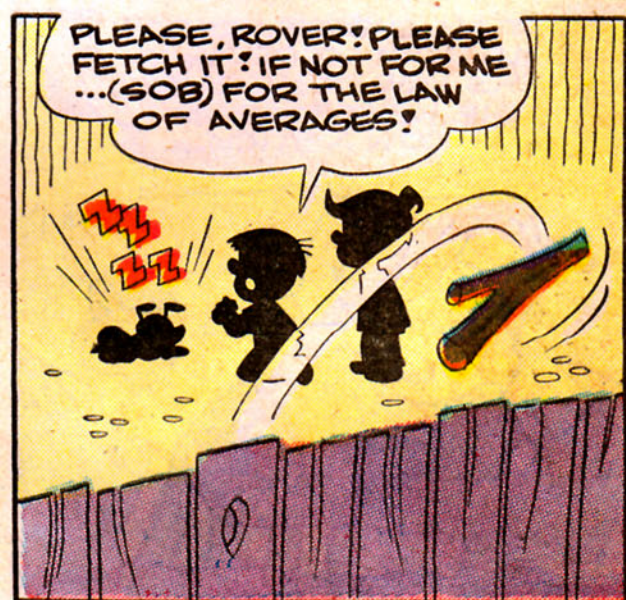
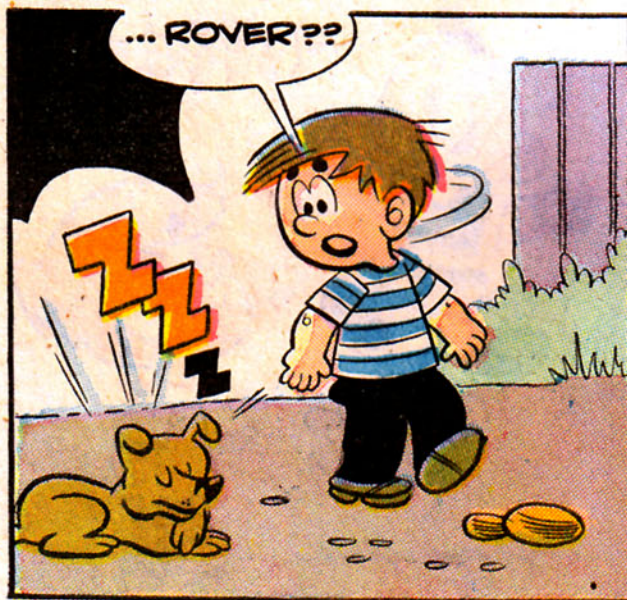
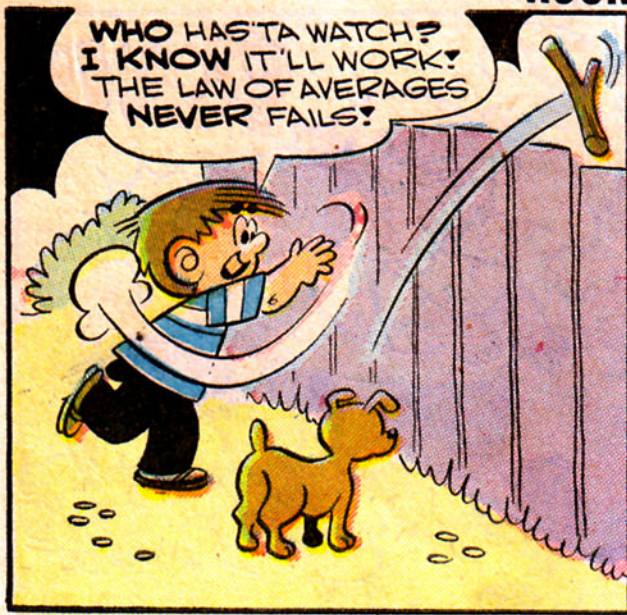
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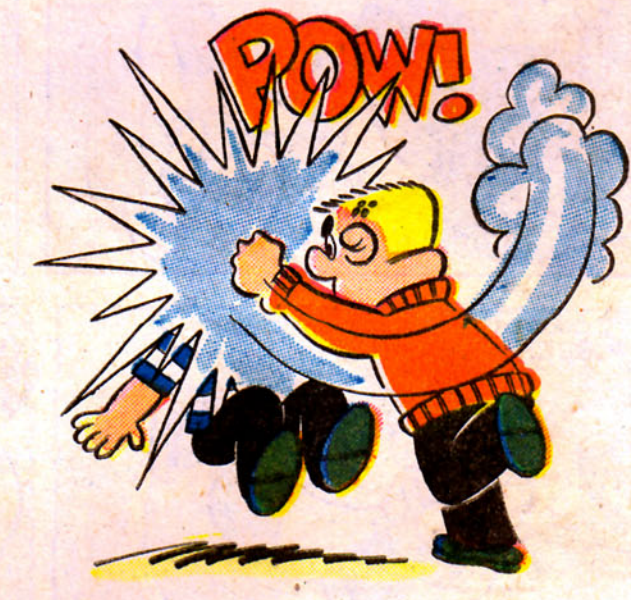
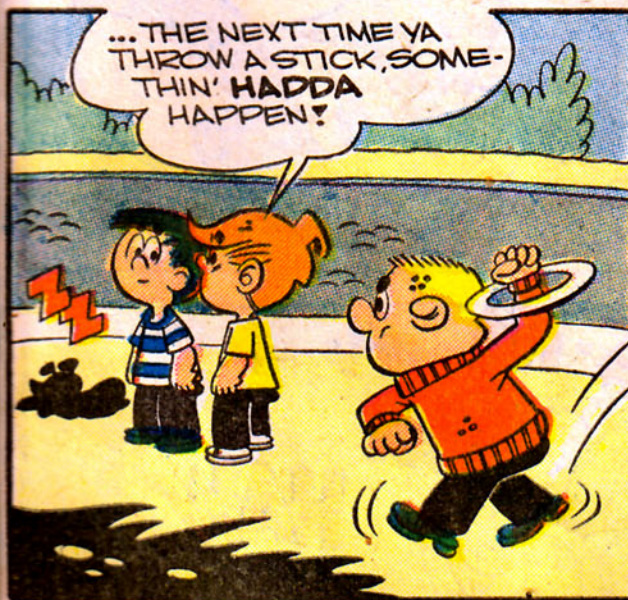
ROCK & ROLLO

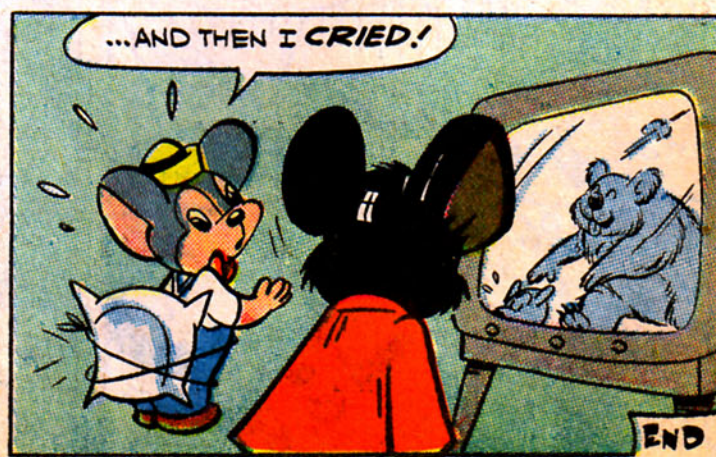
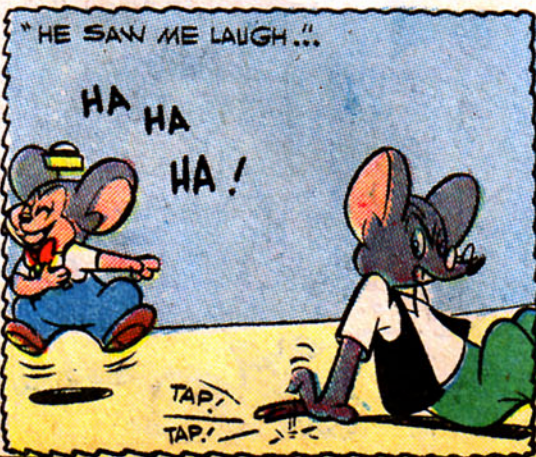
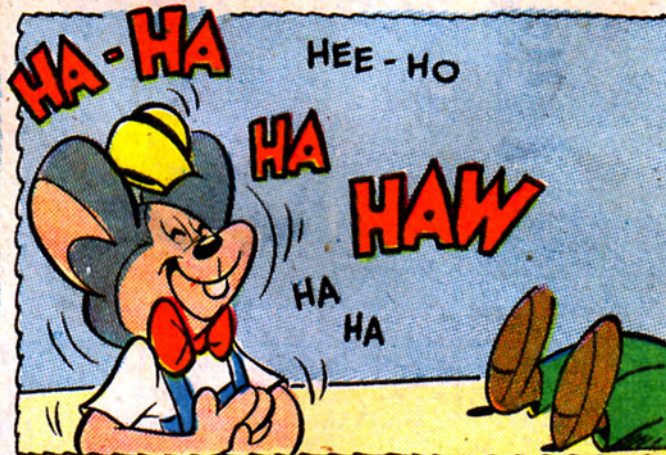
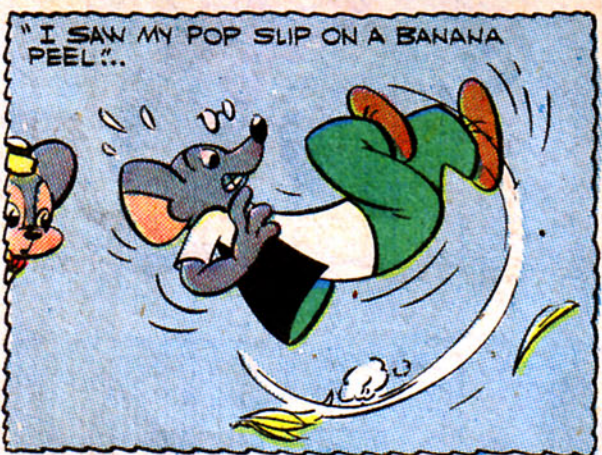
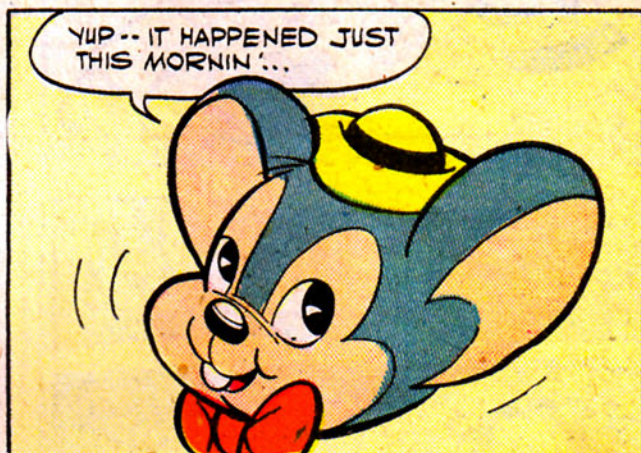
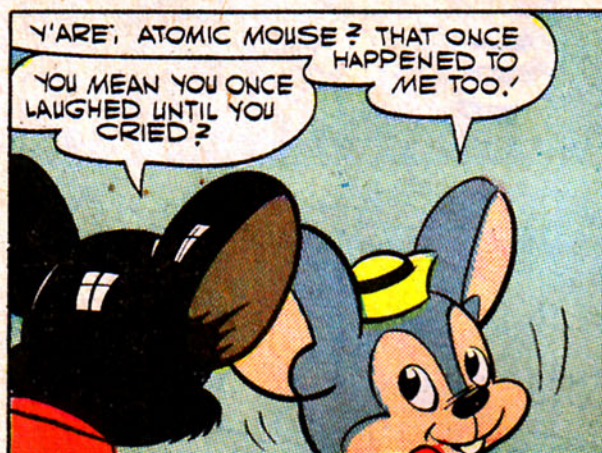
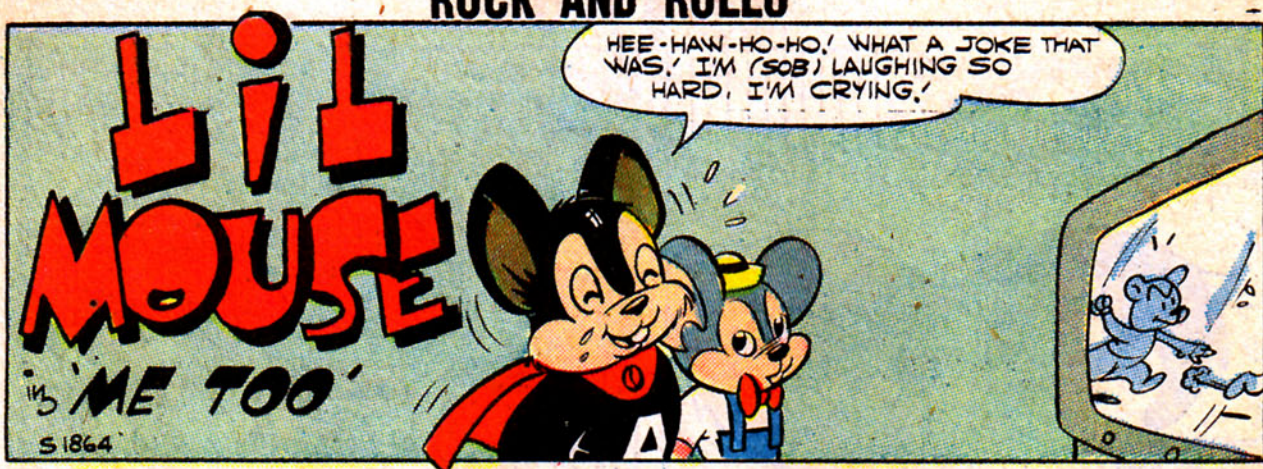


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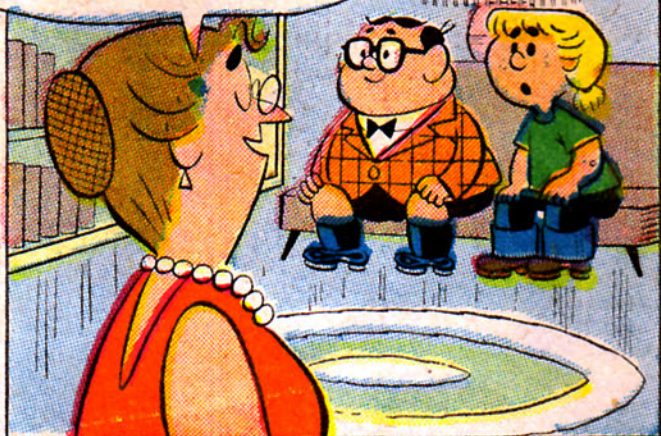
ROCK AND ROLLO

ROCK AND ROLLO SPEAKING of ANCESTORS

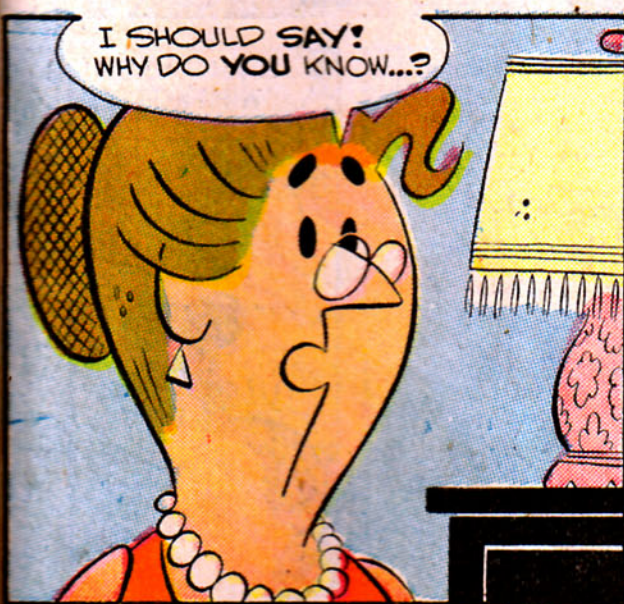
52248

SPEAKING OF ANCESTORS,
MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL, I'LL HAVE
YOU KNOW THAT ROLAND
COMES FROM A VERY VERY
ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILY!

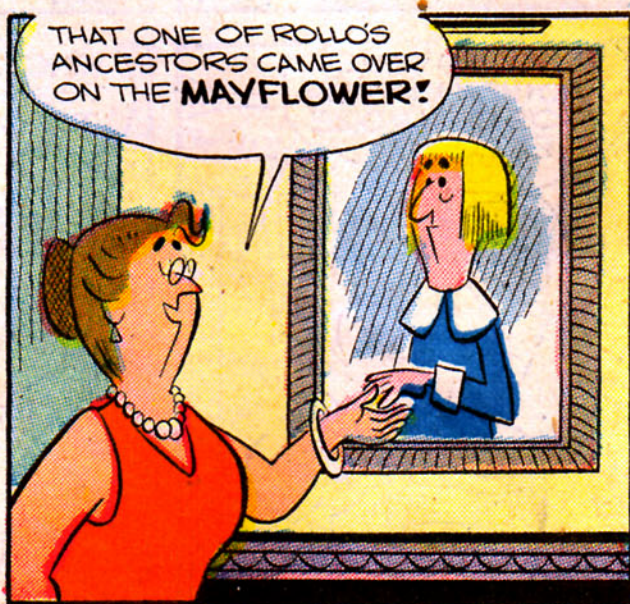
HE
DOES?



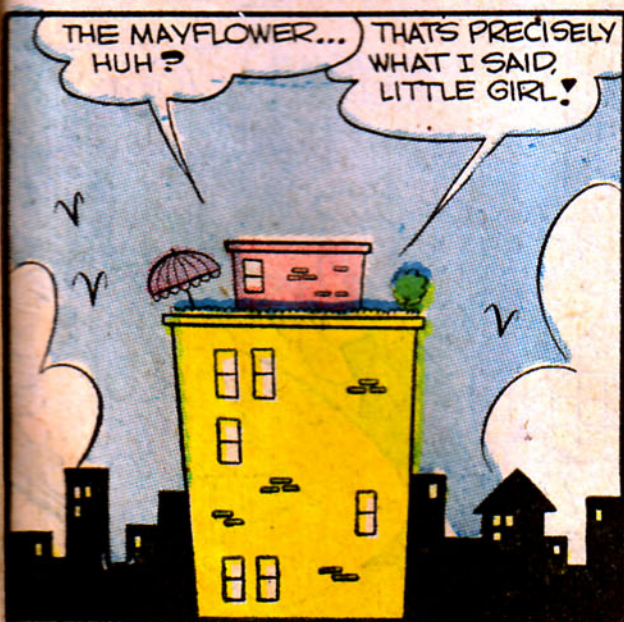
I SHOULD SAY!
WHY DO YOU KNOW...?



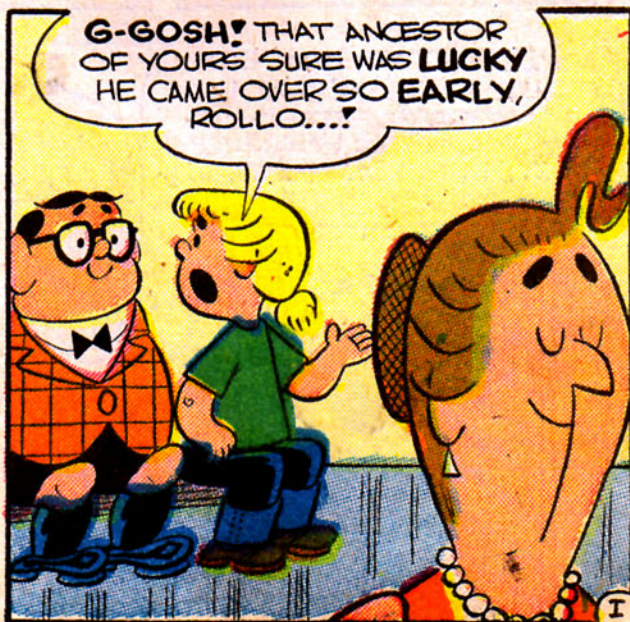
THAT ONE OF ROLLO'S
ANCESTORS CAME OVER
ON THE **MAYFLOWER!**



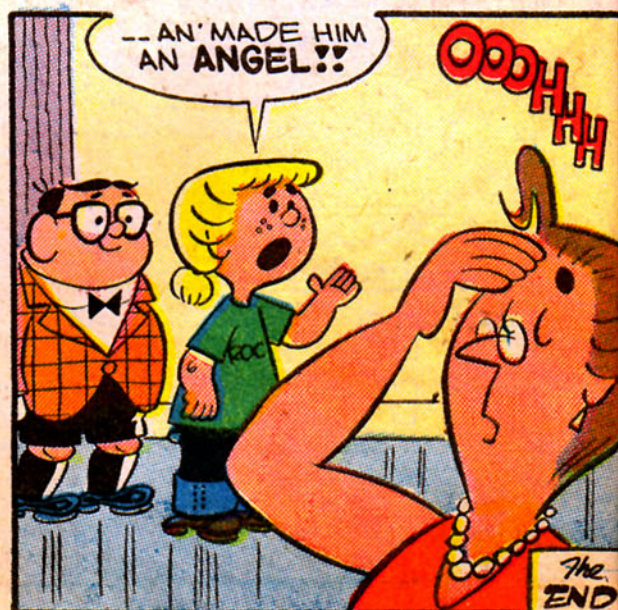
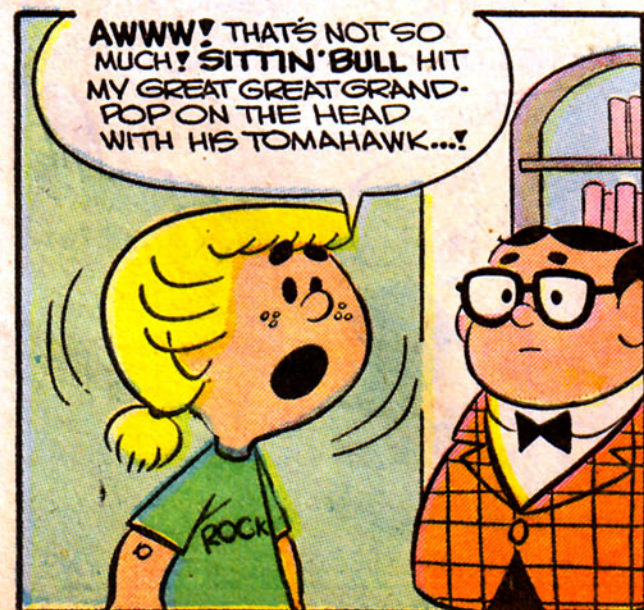
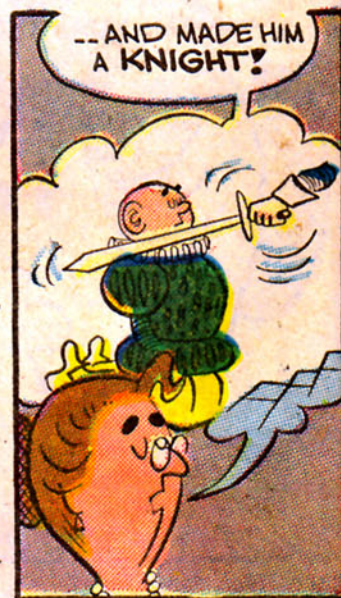
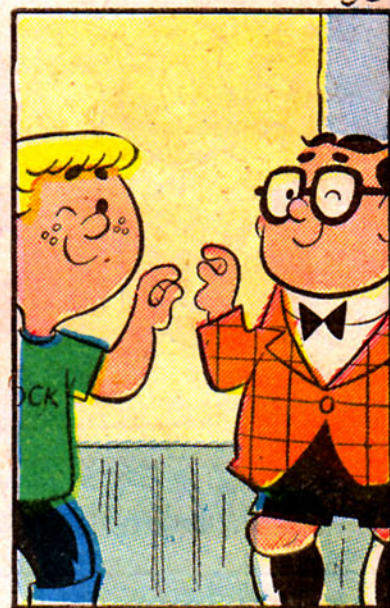
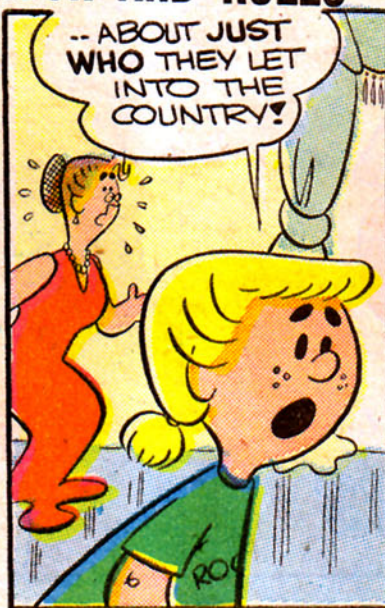
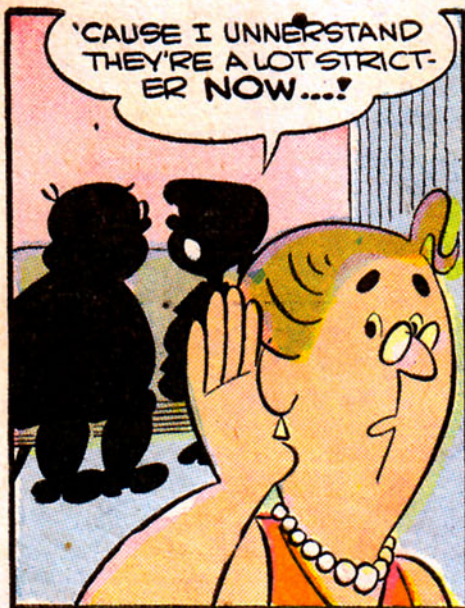
THE MAYFLOWER... THAT'S PRECISELY
HUH? WHAT I SAID,
LITTLE GIRL!



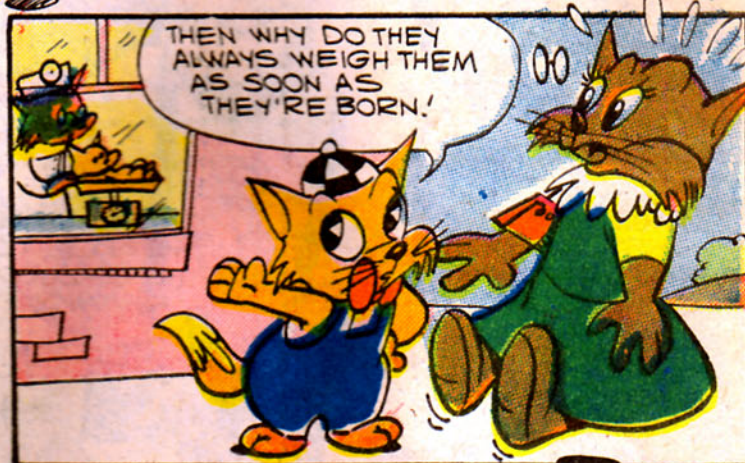
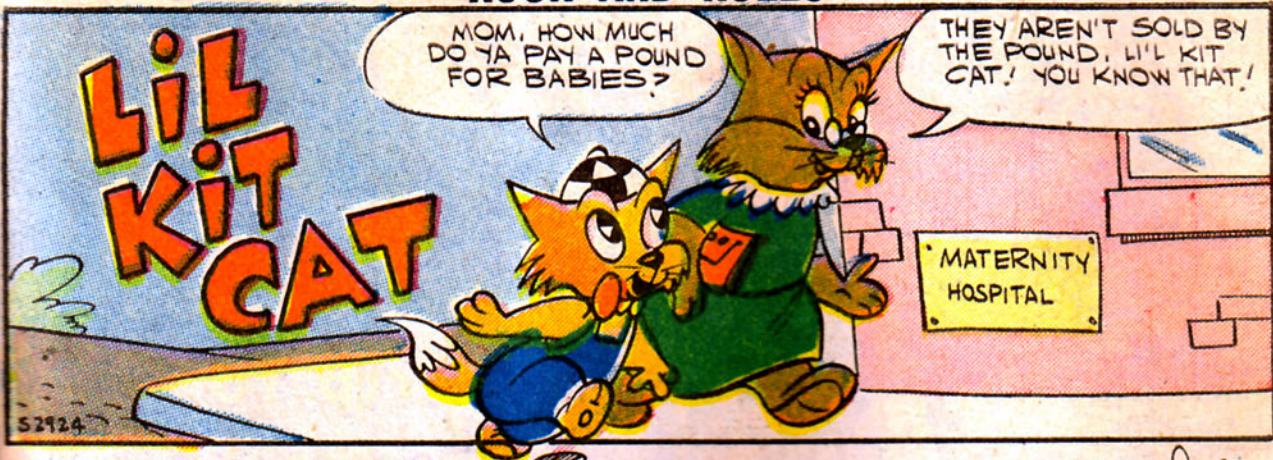
G-GOSH! THAT ANCESTOR
OF YOURS SURE WAS **LUCKY**
HE CAME OVER SO **EARLY**,
ROLLO...!



ROCK AND ROLLO

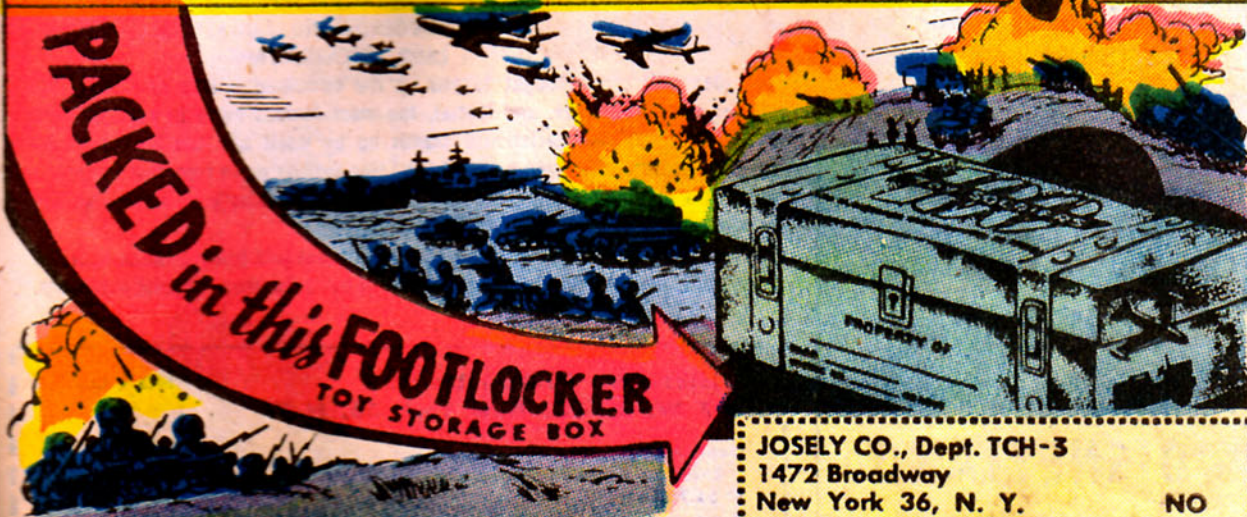


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| 4 Riflemen | 8 Wacs | 4 Marksmen |

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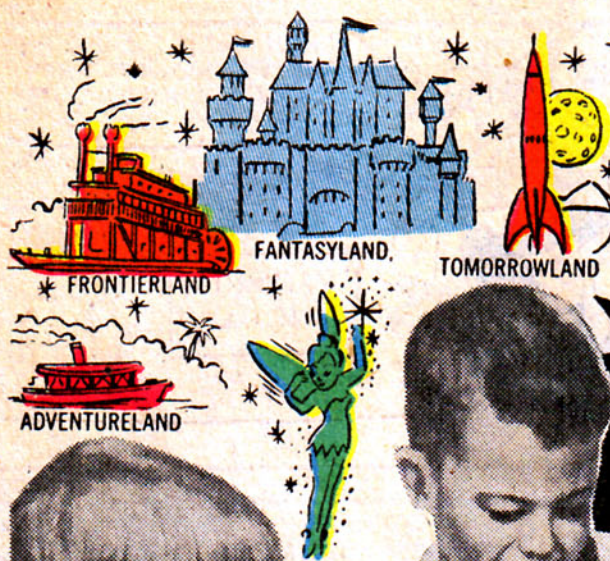
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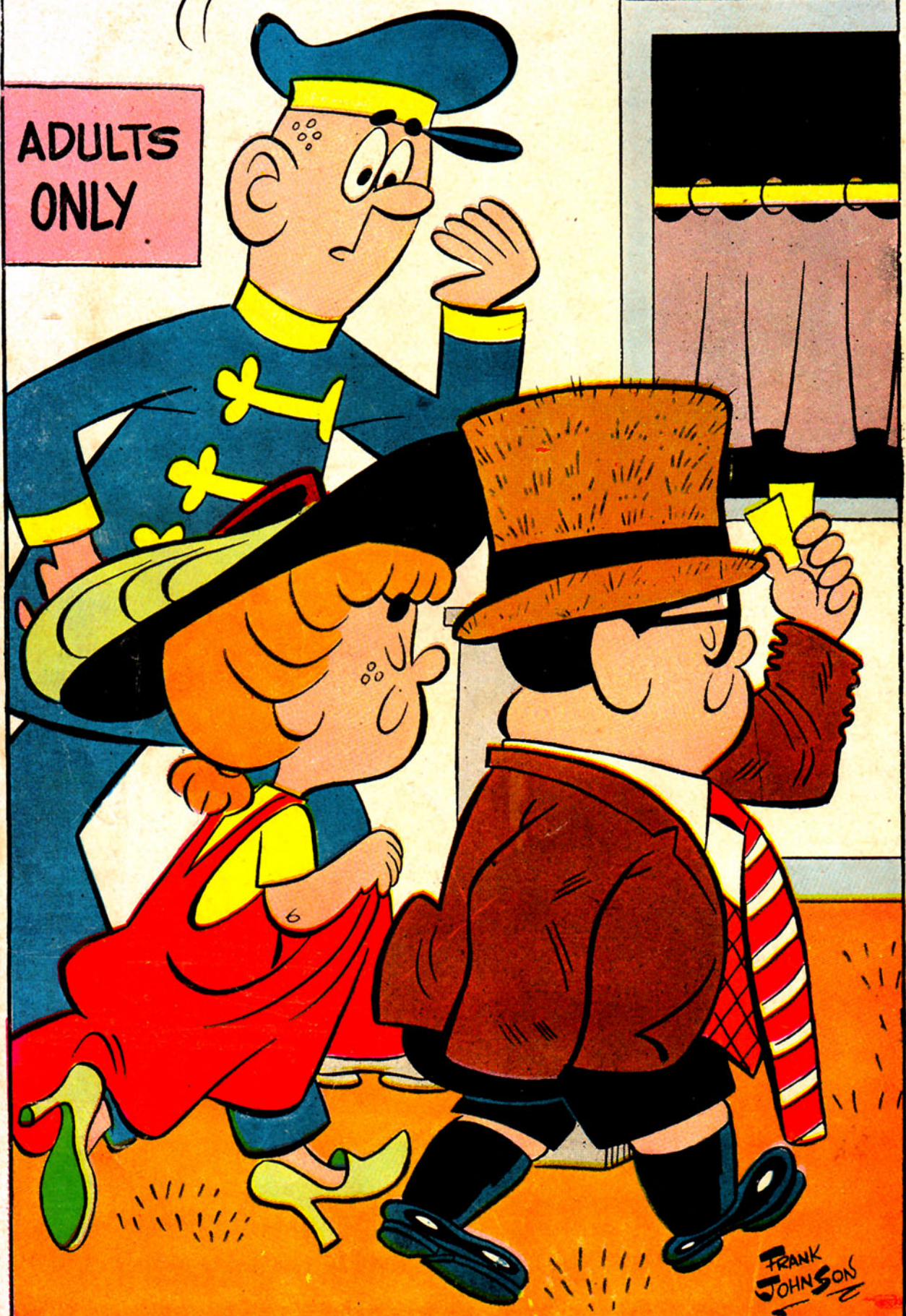
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City _____ State _____

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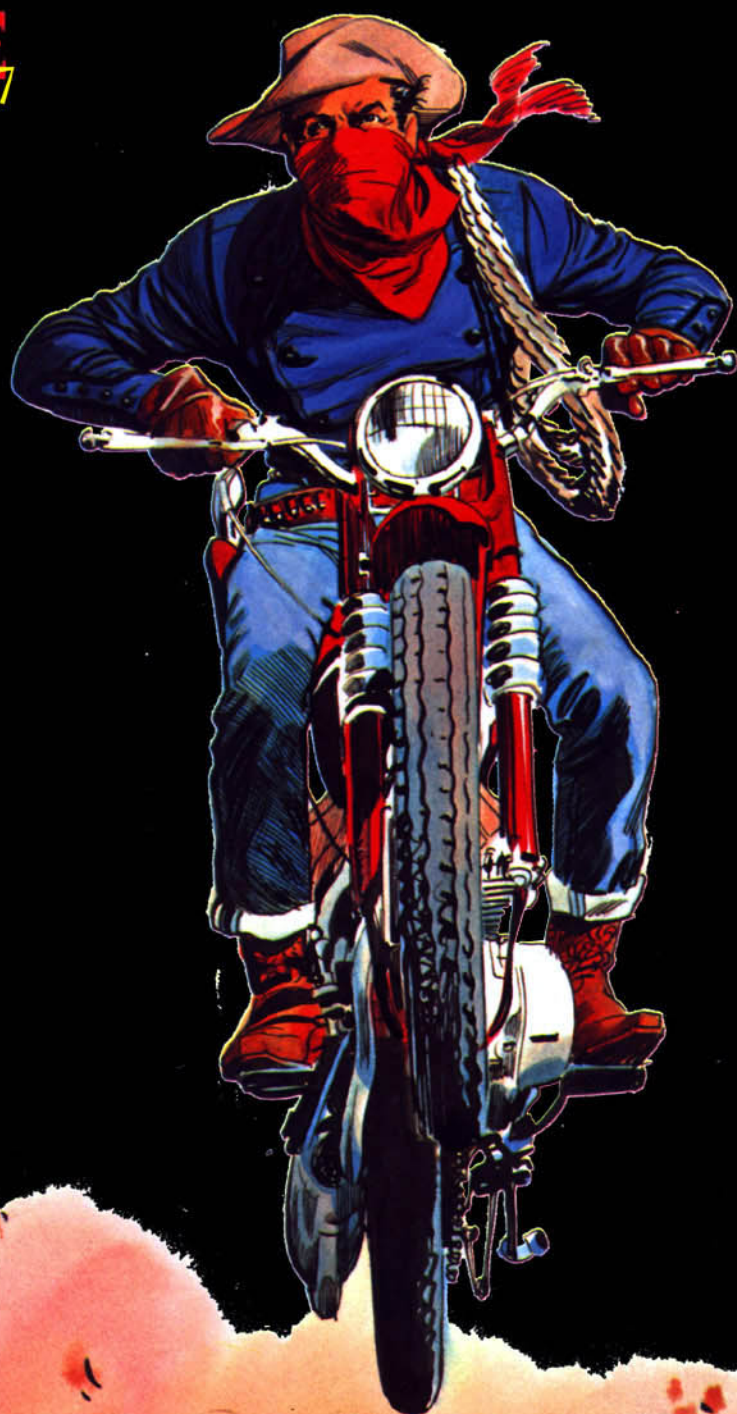
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VIGILANTE

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Scan



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